Roma Illuſtrata:

OR, A

DESCRIPTION

Of the moſt Beautiful PIECES of

PAINTING, SCULPTURE,

AND

ARCHITECTURE,

ANTIQUE and MODERN,

At and near ROME.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Earl of BURLINGTON.

MY LORD,

PAINTING, Sculpture, and Architecture, have been worthy the Care of the greateſt Men of the World, as well as Poeſy: I make no mention of Muſick, becauſe they all partake of

it. For if there flow not through all a delightful Harmony, the whole appears diſproportionate and groteſque.

FINE Arts have ever been the darling Favourites of a fine Genius, and where they have been contemned or neglected, it has been obſervable that there is no publick Spirit, but a ſavage Barbarity predominates, and a Poverty of Soul; or at beſt, private Views, and a wretched Mind, bent on amaſſing uſeleſs Treaſures. Princes have particularly ſmiled on theſe, as proper Mediums to tranſmit down to Poſterity their innate and acquired Glories. Indeed, thoſe Perſons who have had no gallant Actions to boaſt of, and were not conſcious of any Merit to recommend them to their own or future Ages, were much in the right not to erect triumphal Arches, Columns, or Statues, which would have been, they knew, the greateſt Satyr in the World; no Trophies of their Honour, but Monuments of their eternal Infamy.

WHOEVER,

DEDICATION.

WHOEVER has been at *Rome* muſt know the Truth of what I ſay: Who can ſee thoſe fine Pieces of Sculpture and Architecture, Antique and Modern, but muſt have a high Idea of the publick Spiritedneſs of the Ancients, and which (conſidering the vaſt and long Decay of the *Roman* Empire) ſtill keeps up a great deal of its Vigour amongſt the Moderns?

OF the Paintings of the Antients we have no Footſteps, and what we ſee now in *Rome* is entirely Modern; the ſeveral Revolutions and Changes *Rome* having underwent were the Cauſe of its entire Deſtruction, ſo that this Art lay deeply buried (thank the Barbarity of the *Goths* and *Vandals*) 'till it was reviv'd by *Cimabue*, who came into the World in the Year 1240. Then ſhe began, with Sculpture, to rowſe, as from a Lethargy the moſt profound, but neither appeared with that majeſtick Air as formerly, till *Michael Angelo* and *Raphael*, and other great Pain-

ters and Sculptors of their Time (amongſt whom one muſt juſtly reckon *Julio Romano*, and the incomparable *Bernini*) encourag'd by Popes and Kings, brought both with Architecture to that high Perfection they now appear in.

THE Works of theſe great Men I have often viewed, and viewed with Amazement; and the principal Pieces of all theſe are particularly deſcribed in this little Treatiſe, which I humbly offer to your Lordſhip as an agreeable Amuſement.

YOUR Lordſhip, who has ſo fine and delicate a Taſte in Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture, will find ſomething here to divert and pleaſe you. Here, my Lord, you will be entertain'd with the Deſcriptions of thoſe fine things you ſaw in *Rome*, the ſoft and flowing Pencil of *Corregio*, the Gracefulneſs of the divine *Raphael*, and the ſtrong and muſcular Manner of *Michael Angelo*, who yet was a much better Sculptor and Architect than

than Painter; the grand and majeſtick Maſter-pieces of the incomparable *Bernini*; amongſt which is a full Deſcription of that inimitable Groupe of *Apollo* and *Daphne*, that marvellous Piece of Sculpture in the *Villa Borgheſe*.

THIS repreſenting one of the Fables in *Ovid*, whoſe Metamorphoſes I am now publiſhing with as much Expedition as the Nature of the thing will allow of, I have been at the Expence of having an exact Deſign of it from *Rome*, which is now actually engraving, and will be the fineſt Print in *England*.

THIS I hint to your Lordſhip, to ſhew that no Expence or Care ſhall be wanting to embelliſh that Work, and at the ſame time, take this Occaſion thus in publick humbly to thank your Lordſhip for encouraging that great Undertaking; (but a Lover of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture, muſt, of Neceſſity, be a Friend to Poeſy.)

Nor ſhall I ever forget that Goodneſs and noble Affability with which your Lordſhip treated me at *Cheſwick*.

YOUR Lordſhip is endued with all the noble Qualities of a true great Man; but for all that, I ſhall not tell you ſo in ſwelling and pompous Terms, and give you a long Roll of the illuſtrious Names of your Anceſtors, and their heroick and gallant Actions, as is the ordinary Practice of Authors: It ſavours too much of Common Place; and I hate what may look like the very Shadow of Flattery.

YOUR thorough Judgment and Diſcernment in the *Beaux Arts*, diſplay ſufficiently your fine Genius and Guſto, and long may you live to enjoy what you now poſſeſs. You are Maſter of what may make you lov'd and admir'd. Your Encouragement of Art and Induſtry is moſt noble. Remember the whole World will, till the general Conflagration, ſtand indebted for many invaluable Treaſures to a BOYLE.

MAY

DEDICATION.

MAY your Lordſhip, in your high Sphere, ſhine brighter in future Ages than that noble Perſonage. *I am,*

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged,

moſt obedient,

Auguſt 20. 1721.

and moſt humble Servant,

ROBERT SAMBER.

THE

THE PREFACE.

IT *is a Proverb amongſt the* Italians, *that he who has been once at* Rome *deſires to ſee it a ſecond Time, but as that is not likely to be my Lot, I have often agreeably entertain'd my ſelf with the pleaſing Remembrance of thoſe glorious Monuments, both Antique and Modern, which in Sculpture, Architecture and Painting, at this Day make* Rome *the Miſtreſs of the World. And to render this Remembrance yet more lively, had once an Intention to have publiſh'd a particular Deſcription of thoſe unvaluable Rarities, and had accordingly gone through a pretty way in the Collection; but this requiring*

quiring more Time than my other Affairs would admit of, I could not hope ſoon to perfect it: When there fell into my Hands a little Book, which took only notice of the moſt remarkable Monuments of Rome, *Antique and Modern, and I believed in the mean while, preſenting the Publick with theſe would not be diſagreeable, eſpecially to the* Virtuoſi. *This Piece was collected by Monſieur* Raguenet, *whom I own I have almoſt entirely followed, as may be eaſily ſeen by the Style, which through the* Engliſh *Dreſs, may evidently be diſcovered to be his own.*

I have purpoſely omitted the Deſcription of the Picture of the Trinity, *in the Church of the* Trinity *of the* Pilgrims, *painted by* Guido Reni, *and one of the fineſt Pieces in* Rome, *becauſe I would give no Offence to* Proteſtant *Ears. For tho' the* Roman Catholicks *make no Scruple to paint the* Trinity, *as God the Father like a venerable old Man, who holds extended between his Hands* Jeſus Chriſt *on the Croſs, with the* Holy Ghoſt *like a Dove above his Head, hovering in bright Glory, yet with the Reformed, it is look'd upon little leſs than a Species of Idolatry: I have for that Reaſon omitted it, becauſe I would offend no Body.*

However,

However, I hope it may divert my Reader a little, if I relate what paſt between my ſelf and a good Father at Rome *on this very Subject. I had the Happineſs to be in* Rome *in the Year* 1706, *and ſtaid in and about that City nine Months. Going one Day to viſit St.* Peter's, *(the fineſt Church in the World) after paſſing the Bridge of Saint* Angelo, *I fell into Diſcourſe with an* Engliſh *Father about painting the* Holy Trinity. *After ſeveral Words paſs'd,* No wonder, *ſaid he,* you do not much care in *England* to be put in Mind of the *Trinity,* for I hear ſeveral of your great Men do not believe the Divinity of *Jeſus Chriſt.* But however, Sir, do you think we pretend by painting a venerable old Perſon, any wiſe to repreſent or pourtray the Eſſence of God the Father? and pray, Sir, ſince you go to that, have not you in your Common-Prayer Books, *Jeſus Chriſt* repreſented as a Man, and the *Holy Ghoſt* like a Dove, and do you, by theſe Figures, believe the Divinity of either is there ſet forth? By no means, Father, *ſaid I,* but theſe were the Forms the Scripture tells us they appear'd in. You have ſtudied the Bible to fine purpoſe, *ſaid he,* and did not God appear to *Moſes* in the fiery Buſh, and may not that be painted think you? But ſtill, Father, this Buſh is not an old

Man.

Man. Who knows not that? *ſays he a little warm*, but turn to the firſt Chapter of *Ezekiel*, and the ſeventh of *Daniel*, and you will find that God appeared in the Form of a venerable old Man to theſe two Prophets, and is call'd by the laſt of them the Ancient of Days. Beſides, theſe kinds of Paintings are mere Symbols, and hieroglyphical Myſteries, and demand our utmoſt Veneration and Reſpect; and this has nothing of it of Idolatry, for the Idols of the Heathens, as *Jupiter* and *Juno*, and ——— Hold, good Father, *ſaid I*, we are juſt entred a Chriſtian Temple, let *Jupiter* and *Juno* alone till another Opportunity, I beſeech you. Your learned Diſcourſe has abſolutely ſtruck me dumb, and I ſhall have a better Opinion for the time to come of your Symbols and hieroglyphical Myſteries, as you call them. Ay, ay, *ſaid he*, when you have convers'd a little longer with us, you'll ſee into theſe things much better.

We were now arriv'd at the Chapel of our Lady of Pity, which ſerves as a Choir for the Canons, upon the Altar of which is plac'd that wonderful Groupe, the Workmanſhip of the great Michael Angelo de Buonaroti *deſcribed in this Book. To this were ſeveral Perſons, and ſome of the higheſt Diſtinction,*

ſtinction, bowing and making Genuflexions, with all the external Adoration in the World.

Well, my good Father, *ſaid I ſoftly*, what think you now? Here are graven Images, you ſee, and the People bowing down before them, and worſhipping them, contrary to the expreſs Words of the Decalogue; but I think you leave out that which in *England* is called the ſecond Commandment out of your Manuals and Catechiſms. And han't we Reaſon? *reply'd he:* I think ſo, *ſaid I*, for elſe I ſuppoſe the Unlearned would be apt to think they ſinned in worſhipping theſe ſame Images. You have hit it, *ſays he*, and by leaving out this we act more conſiſtent with our ſelves than you do, as I ſhall have an Opportunity to ſhew you before you and I part, I'll warrant you. But, *ſaid I*, theſe Proſtrations here to an Image, and ſo much Adoration to an inanimate Being, is a little ſhocking tho' methinks. Why really, *ſays he*, it may be ſo till you are a little uſed to it I ſuppoſe, Sir, you ſtudied the old Philoſophy? We have nothing elſe at *Oxford* but old *Ariſtotle*, they ſtudy *Deſcartes* indeed at *Cambridge*. Ah! *ſaid he*, Don't name him, he has done a great deal of Miſchief to Religion, for between you

you and I he is no better than a Heretick in Philoſophy. Then you are for the old way I find. Undoubtedly *Ariſtotle* was the Prince of Philoſophers. O, *ſaid I*, I am in love with the *Ariſtotelian* way, I underſtand a great deal of *Ens rationis*, and have maturely digeſted the Predicaments; but what charms me moſt is that admirable Definition of Quality, *Qualitas eſt ea qua quales quædam dicuntur*, than which nothing is ſo clear and inſtructive, and then at *Futurum contingens* let me alone. Now I have ſome hopes of you, *ſaid he*, for I find you know how to diſtinguiſh, than which nothing is more neceſſary in Divinity. You muſt know therefore that theſe People here commit no manner of Idolatry in bowing down to theſe Images, for you muſt diſtinguiſh between the external Act, and the internal. I grant you, as to outward Appearance, it is the ſame Adoration as is paid to God, but the Mind pays another kind of Reſpect or Worſhip. And I hope your good Folks in *England* will make a vaſt deal of Difference in Worſhips, tho' expreſſed by the ſame Term. For in your Service-Book a Man ſays, he worſhips his Wife, and yet I hope he is no Idolater. You muſt diſtinguiſh, I tell you, for the Word *Colere* has two or three Significations,

ons, for there is *colere Divos*, *colere Agrum*, and *colere Uxorem*.

I am convinc'd, *ſaid I*, of the abſolute Neceſſity of theſe ſame Diſtinctions. O Lord Sir, *ſaid he*, they are our *Sine quibus non*, we cannot do without them: This made me ſmile. Nor you neither, if you go to that, *continued he*, for have not I ſeen many a grave Doctor bow very devoutly to the Altar, or Communion-Table, with the ten Commandments over it, ſupported by *Moſes* and *Aaron*, and crown'd with the King's Arms, Lyon and Unicorn and all? and yet I'll warrant he would have taken it very ill to be accus'd of Idolatry, (tho' the ill-natur'd *Diſſenters* are apt to call it ſo) and let me tell you, if an Idol is nothing, as St. *Paul* ſays, the Unicorn (I have nothing indeed to ſay of his Camerade the Lion on the North Side) is an abominable Idol, for there never was any ſuch thing in the World ever in being as this ſame Unicorn, and pray why may not poor *Catholicks*, without Idolatry, bow down to the Images of bleſſed Mother *Thereſa*, St. *Roſe* of *Viterbo*, St. *Urſula*, and the eleven thouſand Virgins, good St. *Patrick*, St. *George*, and St. *Simon Stock*, as well as you to St. *Moſes* and St. *Aaron*, St. *ten Commandments*, St. *King's Arms*, and St. *Lyon* and St. *Unicorn*?

St. *Unicorn?* Come, come, what is Sauce for the Gooſe is Sauce for the Gander, the ſame Anſwer ſerves for both.

Your Reverence is very merry, *ſaid I*, ay, ay, 'twould make any Body merry to hear how ſillily ſome Folks talk, but I am not ſo merry neither, I hate *ludere cum ſacris*, as the Saying is. So do I indeed Father, tho' I muſt tell you, you were a little ludicrous about St. *ten Commandments* over the Altar, but remember we leave none out. The more Shame for you, *ſaid he*, for my part I wonder how Men can go up to the Altar and rehearſe gravely the fourth Commandment, which enjoyns the keeping of the ſeventh Day, which is the Sabbath, the People afterwards deſiring Mercy of God to incline their Hearts to keep this Law; that is, they deſire God to encline their Hearts to keep this Law, which they have a firm Reſolution beforehand not to keep, and are told by their Paſtors it is unlawful to do ſo. Nor will your Salvo of a *ſeventh Day* mend the Matter: For tho' the *firſt Day* of the Week be a *ſeventh Day*, yet the *firſt Day* of the Week is not the *ſeventh Day* of the Week. There's a *Rowland* for your *Oliver*, anſwer me this if you can. This is my

my Choak-Pear, my *Argumentum Palmare Scotiſticum.*

I own, *ſaid I*, this is a Piece of Abſurdity, and I ſhall take care to have it rectified when I come to *England.* Pray ſee you do, *ſaid he*, or you ſhall hear farther from me. For I can tell you, both *Bellarmine* and *Baronius* ——— *Here he was interrupted by the Pope's coming in, preceded by the College of Cardinals to ſing Veſpers, and I took the Opportunity of dropping the good Father, for I was apprehenſive I muſt have ſtood the full Fire of theſe two Champions, and knew not how to confute* Bellarmin, *and put* Baronius *to a Nonplus, as a certain Perſon uſed to do once a Year in about half an Hour's time, and with them diſpatch'd the whole Council of* Trent, *and Popery.*

Thus ended this Controverſy of Idolatry, which moſt People talk of, and few underſtand.

ROMA

ROMA *Illuſtrata:*

OR,

A DESCRPITION of the moſt curious PAINTINGS, STATUES, and BUSTO's in and about *ROME.*

CHAP. I.

PAINTINGS IN THE ROOF OF THE CHURCH OF S. ANDREA DELLA VALLE.

By Domenico Zampieri, *commonly call'd* Domenichino, *Native of* Bologna.

IT is by looking on theſe Paintings that one is ſenſible that the great Maſters in this Art, diſplay in their Works the Lineaments and Features of a Beauty ſo moving, that all Mankind,

kind, even the very Populace and the Ignorant, are touched with its Excellence.

In the moſt diſadvantageous Place of the Roof of the Choir, and in a very narrow Space, *Domenichino* has painted JESUS CHRIST, who on the Bank of the Lake of *Genneſareth*, where he is repreſented to be, perceiving *Andrew* and *Simon* in a Veſſel, calls them to be his Diſciples. This Action, which is marked by one only Geſture, and that too the moſt plain and ſimple, is expreſſed after a Manner ſo natural, that at firſt View every one knows what it means, *viz.* That JESUS CHRIST calls to him theſe two Fiſhermen: That *Andrew* ſtretches out his Arm, as aſking him, Which way he could come to him? And that *Simon*, full of Confidence, leaps out of the Boat, as ſure of walking on the Water as on dry Land, at the Sound of the divine Voice that called him.

The moving of the Veſſel, and the Action of him who rows it, are ſuch beautiful Expreſſions, as equal thoſe of the ſublimeſt Painters that ever were. One plainly ſees him plunge in his Oar, and lifting himſelf up with the whole Weight of his Body in the Air, give an Impreſſion and Motion to the Boat. You would believe you ſaw him advance in his way, part the Waves, and make

make them froth and foam. It is impoſſible that the Action, Effort, and beautiful Poſture of this Boatman, ſhould ever eſcape one's Memory, after one has ſeen this Piece of Painting; and yet theſe things we very frequently forget, after viewing thoſe who row in real Veſſels; ſo true is it that Art, when it is puſhed on to a certain Degree of Excellence, makes more powerful Impreſſions in one's Mind, and more durable than Nature it ſelf. This made *Pouſſin*, who, without Contradiction, was one of the moſt accompliſh'd of the modern Painters, frequently ſay, *That he knew no Painter but* Domenichino *for Expreſſions, and he went greater Lengths therein than the* Caraci *themſelves.*

But that beautiful Perſpective, in which *Domenichino* has plac'd this Boat and Boatman, in my Opinion, ſurpaſſes all the reſt, and is even beyond the Tongue of Man to expreſs. And tho' they are both painted in the moſt concave Part of the Vault, yet they appear no more foreſhortned, than if they were on a ſtrait Wall, and the plaineſt Superficies. One of his Friends aſking him one Day, by what Rules he found out the Means of producing an Effect ſo ſurprizing? *Domenichino*, tho' one of the moſt modeſt Men in the World, could not help ſaying,

That it being impoſſible for him to have any Aſſiſtance from Art, he had recourſe to his own Genius.

The *Evangeliſts* at the four Triangles under the Corniſh of the Cupola, are ſo artfully contrived, that they look rather like ſo many real Statues, than Paintings upon Plaiſter; and the Lion at St. *Mark*'s Feet, which the Children play with, is a moſt incomparable Piece.

The Virtues above the Corniſh, and between the Windows of the Cupola, appear the ſame, like real Statues in Niches; but that of voluntary Poverty, has a Relievo that ſurpaſſes every thing of that kind that ever was: It looks as if it did not ſo much as touch the Wall on which it is painted, and there is no Body but what it would really deceive. The Landſkip that runs thro' this Roof, is moſt beautifully finiſh'd, and of a grand Guſto; the ſeveral Sites have a perfect Relation to each other, and yet at the ſame time are free and diſengag'd; compoſed of a great many Objects, but well choſen. The Country is animated with Rivulets, whoſe Nature is to be in Motion; and theſe, embelliſh'd by the Reflections of the neighbouring Objects, beſtow a delicious Freſhneſs thro' the whole. The Colours are all exquiſitely true in the diſtant Objects,

Objects, the Trees of various Forms, the Touches fine and delicate, having few Lines, but expreſſing much: In a Word, the whole is after the exquiſite Guſto of the *Caraci* his Maſters.

CHAP. II.

THE PILLARS OF ANTONINUS AND TRAJAN.

THESE Pillars are both of them twiſted, of white Marble, and covered with Baſs Relieves.

The Pillar of *Trajan* is one hundred and forty Foot high; that of *Antoninus* one hundred and ſeventy five. They have both of them the true Proportion of Pillars, made according to the moſt exact Rules of Architecture; ſo that one may very well frame a Judgment of their Circumference by their Height.

They have each of them a Pair of Winding-Stairs, by means of which one may go up even upon their Capitells. The Stair-Caſe of *Trajan*'s Pillar has one hundred and ſeventy three Steps, that of *Antoninus*, one hundred and ninety; each of which has forty little Loop-holes, to let in the Light imperceptible in the Outſide.

The

The Urns of *Antoninus* and *Trajan* were heretofore placed upon theſe Columns, and the Baſs Relieves with which they are covered, repreſent the Conqueſts of the *Romans* in the Reign of theſe two Emperors. There you may ſee their naval Engagements, their Field Battels, and their Triumphs, much better repreſented than one can ſee upon any Print or Medal. The Men, Horſes, every thing is alive, moves and really fights, but with Rage and Fury. The *Romans* in Triumph ſeem to part, advance, and walk round the Pillar; they all, even to their Habits of War, appear grand and full of Majeſty as they march to Battel.

You ſee there an Infinity of Figures, a ſurprizing Variety of Attitudes and Actions, and nothing but an inexhauſtible Genius could furniſh a Deſign of a Compoſition full of ſo prodigious an Abundance of Ideas ſo entirely different.

The Uniformity of the Work of thoſe who cut theſe Baſs Relieves is alſo very aſtoniſhing; the whole is finiſhed with ſuch Exactitude and Equality, that it looks as if the whole was made by the ſame Workman, and cut by the ſame Chiſſel.

But what is moſt admirable in all the Figures of theſe Baſs Relieves, is the Proportion which is ſtrictly obſerv'd in Re-

gard of their Situation: For they go ſtill larger, according as they are placed in Height; ſo that thoſe which are at the Top of the Column, are ſeen as well and as plainly as thoſe at the Bottom; and the whole is ſo equal, that the Mind, deceiv'd by the Eyes, thinks not of the different Situation of the Objects, which muſt, by neceſſary Conſequence, take away the Difference of their Dimenſion.

In ſhort, theſe are two of the moſt valuable Monuments in the World, whence even the great *Raphael Urbin* borrowed his fineſt Thoughts, and moſt ſingular Expreſſions, wherewith he has enrich'd his famous Picture of the Battel of *Conſtantine* againſt *Maxentius*, which is to be ſeen in the Vatican, and of which we ſhall give a Deſcription in this Work.

I ſhall ſay no more, but that theſe two Pillars are yet almoſt as entire as they were when they were firſt raiſed, and are much better preſerv'd than moſt of the Medals which were ſtruck at the ſame time. Theſe are what one may truly term eternal Monuments, and certain Inſtruments to procure Immortality to thoſe who made them; for ſo they are by themſelves, at the Experience of the Injuries of Time; and ſhould the World continue as long as it already has, theſe Pillars, in all Likelihood, would

no

no leſs endure, if they are not purpoſely thrown down and deſtroy'd: So much are theſe Works beyond the Capacity of all other People, and the Genius of theſe latter Ages.

The Antients have at leaſt diſplay'd ſome ſort of Fertility of Genius in the Art of inventing Monuments, to eternize the Glory of their Princes; * Columns, Pyramids, Sepulchres, triumphal Arches, as one ſees by the Variety of their Works; but thoſe who meddle with this Taſk now-a-days, ſeem to have nothing in their Heads but an Equeſtrian Statue.

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* Theſe Pillars of *Trajan* and *Antoninus*; the Pyramid of *Ceſtius*; the Sepulchres of *Auguſtus* and *Adrian*; the triumphal Arches of *Septimius Severus*, *Titus*, *Conſtantine*, &c.

CHAP. III.

St. Sebastian, A Picture in the Palace of Prince Borghese.

By Domenico Becafumi, *otherwiſe called* Micarino de Sienna.

THE Excellence of this Piece of Painting, plainly makes it appear, that a Painter whoſe Name makes no great Noiſe in the World, may perform ſometimes ſuch Maſterpieces of Art, as may equal the Works of the greateſt Maſters. Saint *Sebaſtian* is here repreſented with his Body all pierced with Arrows; a holy and charitable Woman draws theſe Arrows out, but with an Action inimitable, which gives all thoſe who look on, a perfect Idea what Agony ſhe undergoes on Account of the Pain ſhe makes the holy Martyr ſuffer, and that her Intention in cauſing this Pain againſt her Inclination, was only to comfort and ſuccour

cour him. She apprehends ſhe ſhall wound him, even in endeavouring to remedy his Wounds; ſhe trembles, and is afraid to give him Pain in rendring him this dolorous Service; ſhe firſt ſuffers, and before him, that officious Sorrow which ſhe cauſes; ſhe draws out theſe Arrows with Art, with Precaution, and with, I know not what, induſtrious Prudence; never any one drew with an Addreſs ſo delicate, and in doing ſo little Injury to the wounded; ſhe knows how to manage both Wound and Arrow, and ſuits thereto the Movement of her Hand; were it from her own Body ſhe could not do it with greater Dexterity and Art; one would certainly think ſhe is perfectly ſenſible of the Degree of Pain he undergoes, and that ſhe proportions thereto the Force ſhe employs: This therefore makes it not only a bare Repreſentation that one looks at, but we think we aſſiſt at a Reality. One ſympathizes with the holy Martyr, directs the Eyes and Hand of the holy Woman that aſſiſts him; and the leſs one muſt believe we can aſſiſt her, the more do we intereſt our ſelves in this her Action.

CHAP. IV.

Pieces of Sculpture, To be seen in the Villa Borghese out of Rome.

Apollo and Daphne, A Groupe, In the Palace of this Villa.

By Giovanni Lorenzo Bernini, *commonly called* Cavallero Bernini, *Native of* Naples.

THE Groupe of *Apollo* and *Daphne* has carried away the Reputation of all the Works of latter Ages, insomuch that it is called, *The Miracle of modern Sculpture.*

It is what one cannot sufficiently admire that *Bernini*, out of a piece of Marble of so small an Extent, knew how to make two Figures running as these do, one flying, the other pursuing. There is not above half a Foot distance between *Apollo* and *Daphne*, the God has just taken hold of the Nymph; how-

however one plainly ſees that he did not do ſo till he was quite out of Breath; and the Expreſſion which the Sculptor has given him, makes us ſee, after a very ſenſible Manner, that he had almoſt loſt his Strength the very Inſtant he took hold of her. Thus knew *Bernini* how to give Marble, not only the Agility of Motion, but even the Rapidity of the ſwifteſt Race.

What ſhall I ſay of the Beauty of *Apollo*, and that of *Daphne?* Has one ever ſeen more beautiful Lineaments, or a Body more beautiful for a God or Goddeſs?

It is the hardeſt Marble that ever was wrought on, and yet it is cut with that Tenderneſs and Delicacy, that it appears Wax or Paſte, or rather very Fleſh it ſelf.

The Feet of *Daphne*, which begin to ſhoot out into Roots, is certainly a Work of the fineſt Chiſſel and the moſt maſterly Hand that ever was; they are moſt delicate Fibres of Marble, and formed with ſo much Induſtry and Art, that one ſtill ſees they are Feet, tho' at the ſame time they are Roots; It is the very Inſtant of the Tranſformation, and the very Action of the Metamorphoſis that is here expreſſed: It ſeems as if one ſaw this Mutation grow inſenſibly upon you and by Degrees. At the ſight of that wonderful Expreſſion, one is fully perſuaded that *Daphne* is really metamor-

tamorphoſed. *Bernini* makes an Impoſſibility eaſy and natural; for to look on this Miracle of a Groupe, it ſeems to be eaſy and natural that a Foot ſhould take Root, and a human Body be changed into a Tree. The Arms become Branches inſenſibly, and the Fingers little Boughs, which inſtantly form ſmall Tufts of Leaves; ſo that this Transformation ſeems to be made in the very Inſtant you look at it, and that all theſe Changes are formed in the twinkling of an Eye.

But that in my Opinion which is moſt excellent in this Maſterpiece of Art, is the Body of *Daphne*, where tho' the Proportions are exactly obſerved, one perceives already the Idea of a Trunk of a Tree, where that groſs Shape which ſuch a thing ſo thick as this Trunk muſt neceſſarily have, does no ways hinder the Artiſt from preſerving not only the delicate Traces of a human Body; but even thoſe Colours ſo elegant and graceful, by which the Ancients diſtinguiſhed the Bodies of their Gods and Goddeſſes from thoſe of Men; and where, in fine, by a Prodigy of Art the Action of Growth, which is only cauſed by imperceptible degrees in Nature, and which muſt of Conſequence be inſenſible, is notwithſtanding very perceptible in the wonderful Attitude in which *Bernini* has

has placed this Body, by a kind of launching out which he has given it, and who already has made it appear higher than that of *Apollo*, from whom it is ready to eſcape by ſhooting it ſelf up into the Air by its ſudden Growth.

I ſhall add no more, but the Modeſty of the Sculptor, in my Opinion, ſeems to crown the whole Merit of his Work, and this Modeſty ſhews no leſs his Genius than his Prudence; for *Apollo*, all naked as he is, is covered by the Foliage, which is ſo artfully placed between him and *Daphne*; and this Nymph, whoſe Body he imagines to lay hold of, is already a Lawrel in that Place where he touches her, ſo that one ſees nothing on that ſide but the Rind of a Tree, which begins to form it ſelf all over the Body of *Daphne*.

If after all this, one would reflect that *Bernini* was only eighteen Years of Age when he made this excellent Piece, which equals the moſt rare Productions of Antiquity, and which ſurpaſſes all thoſe of later Times, would one not admire the Force and Energy of Genius, that valuable Gift of Heaven, which is independent of Years and Ages; which makes us at every Age of Life, and at all Times, carry on the Works of Art to the higheſt Perfection; and that there is nothing in which the Moderns may

may not excel the Ancients; and that it is by no means impoſſible but young Perſons, almoſt juſt come into the World, may ſometimes produce by their firſt Eſſay, Works which may ſurpaſs the Maſterpieces of the moſt conſummate Artiſts?

BELISARIUS, *a Begging.* *

An Antique Statue.

THIS Statue has in its Attitude an Expreſſion ſo perfect, that, without knowing what it repreſents, at the firſt View one may plainly ſee it is a Man a begging, and at the ſame time that he is a Perſon of Quality: An Union rare and difficult to make and repreſent in the ſame Perſon and almoſt by the ſame Characters! For the Air of a great Man, and that of a Beggar is very different; however the Sculptor knew ſo well how to unite them in this Statue, that one evidently ſees that this Man at the ſame time is both the one and the other.

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* *Beliſarius*, General of the Armies of the Emperor *Juſtinian* in the ſixth Age, was reduced to ſuch great Extremity as to ask Alms in the Streets of *Conſtantinople* to get his Bread.

Poverty here is ſupported by I know not what noble *Fierte*, which Merit and high Birth beſtow; and yet this noble *Fierte* is here tempered with I know not what Character of Modeſty, which ever accompanies Indigence and Poverty.

It is an Air of Elevation, but of an Elevation ruffled by Miſery; it is an Attitude of Beggary, but of a Beggary cauſed by an unjuſt Turn of Fortune.

One plainly ſees he is a great Man, but a great Man in the utmoſt Neceſſity; one plainly ſees he is a poor Man, but a poor Man brought up in Riches and Abundance; and who, far from being born a Beggar, appears as if he had been accuſtomed to give liberally himſelf to thoſe in the like Neceſſity; a poor Man who ſees himſelf reduced to a ſtrange Extremity of Miſery, but who is conſcious nevertheleſs of his Talents, Capacity, and of his paſt Employments; a poor Man, in ſhort, who does not pride himſelf with the Idea of thoſe important Poſts he once ſo honourably filled, and who does not let himſelf be too much caſt down by the ſad State into which he ſees himſelf fallen; who remembers his paſt Fortune without being vain, and is ſenſible of his preſent Diſgrace without being in Deſpair: For theſe different Sentiments, tho' united here in the Air and Attitude

titude of *Beliſarius*, make nevertheleſs no manner of Confuſion, but are very eaſily diſtinguiſhed.

FAUSTINA AND HER GLADIATOR.

An Antique Groupe.

ONE cannot look upon this Groupe without believing one ſaw *Fauſtina* her very ſelf, trembling for the Life of her dear *Gladiator*, with whom ſhe was paſſionately in Love, being willing to retain him, when he was on the very point of leaving her, to go and fight in the Amphitheatre.

One diſcovers in theſe Sentiments the fond Love in which ſhe is intangled; her Paſſion which burns to be ſatisfied; her high Birth which ſhe ſees the diſhonours; the Grandeur of her high Rank which ſhe vilifies; the fearful and immodeſt, feeble and hardy *Empreſſements* of a Woman who loves and knows very well ſhe ſins; the Fear ſhe has leſt her Lover ſhould be killed; the Efforts ſhe makes to ſtop him; for all theſe Paſſions are ſo naturally expreſſed in her Air and Attitude, that one cannot reſolve to look at her without entring into her Sentiments; and one would have Pity on the Pain, and wretched Inquietude of ſo great an Empreſs, if one was not aſhamed of her Weakneſs.

A Gladiator.

An Antique.

By Agaſias, *Native of* Epheſus.

THERE are only ſix Statues in the World of equal Strength with this; it is one of thoſe famous ſeven * of the firſt Rank, which the Ancients have left us, amongſt even whom they were looked upon as ſo many Prodigies of Art: This Gladiator having paſſed in the moſt flouriſhing Times of the *Roman* Empire for a Miracle of *Grecian* Sculpture.

There is not one part of his Body that does not ſhew that he has collected all its Force againſt his Adverſary; all his Muſcles from the Head to the Foot are ſtretched, ſwoln with Spirits, and employed to furniſh him with that Vehemence he would make uſe of againſt his Enemy.

There is no Perſon in the World can put himſelf into this Poſition, or prepare the whole collected Forces of his Body after the manner of this Gladiator, unleſs he be a Gladiator by Profeſſion; that is to ſay, has

* The *Venus* of *Medicis*, the *Hercules* of *Farneſe*, *Apollo*, *Laocoon*, the *Mirmillon*, *Meleagar*, and this *Gladiator*.

been

been inſtructed by a continued Courſe of Exerciſe, and has learnt the Trade by Rules of Art.

It is wonderful to obſerve, how his whole Body is extended from the very Extremity of the Ball of his Foot, on which he ſuſtains himſelf to his Fingers Ends, which he advances in the Air; it ſeems as if there were one ſtrong and vigorous Nerve ſtretch'd itſelf from one to the other, paſſing thro' the Reins, which are as fully ſtretched out as his Leg and Hand.

Had a BORELLI *, who ſtudied to the bottom the Mechaniſm of the Movements of human Bodies, deſigned a Figure in the Attitude of this Statue, I ſhould not at all be ſurprized, ſince no Philoſopher of our Times ever knew ſo well as himſelf, in what Situation and Poſture Man has greateſt Force, having through the whole Courſe of his Life made a particular Study of that Science; but that a Sculptor ſhould make one as well as BORELLI could, if with all his bright Knowledge he had been acquainted with Sculpture, would have been a Prodigy that would have gi-

* A Mechanical Philoſopher, who compoſed a Treatiſe on the Motion of Animals, which is one of the moſt excellent Productions of our Age.

ven

ven me the utmoſt Confuſion. For to conceive this, one muſt ſuppoſe that the Diſcoveries which this great Philoſopher has made, were effected by profound Meditations, and at the ſame time believe that the neweſt things in this World were ſo common to the Ancients, that People who were neither Phyſicians, Anatomiſts, nor Mathematicians by Profeſſion, knew them ſo well as BORELLI. For it is moſt certain that this Statuary, who deſigned to produce the Figure of a Gladiator, who collects together all the Force a human Body is capable of, to give the greateſt Stroke poſſible for a Man, has made this Statue in ſuch ſort, and has given him ſuch an Attitude, that there is not ſo much as one Muſcle in the whole Body, which does not concur to fortify this mighty Stroke; ſo that tho' it ſhould have been BORELLI that had undertaken to make this Gladiator, he would not have known how with all his Mechanicks to find out a Situation more proper to this Action than what has been given to this Statue by a ſimple Sculptor of *Greece*.

An Hermaphrodite asleep.

An Antique.

THIS Antique was found in the Place where at preſent the Church of *Santa Maria della Vittoria* ſtands, when they were laying the Foundation of that Church. This Statue, to all Appearance, was one of thoſe which was ſet up for the Ornament of *Diocleſian*'s Baths, or *Saluſt*'s Gardens. *William Bertelot*, a *Frenchman* by Birth, had the Care of reſtoring it, and it is one of the moſt excellent Pieces left to us by Antiquity.

The Genius of the Artiſt who made it is there diſcovered in a wonderful Manner in that Art, by which, tho' he has made only one Sex appear, one may notwithſtanding perceive that his Perſon has both; for he has repreſented it lying upon the Belly; and after ſuch a Manner, that the back Parts viſibly appear to be entirely feminine, and the Male Sex perceived below; one muſt agree that it is an Attitude and Expreſſion the moſt happy and ingenious that the Mind of Man could invent, to repreſent an Hermaphrodite after ſuch a Manner, as appears by no means immodeſt.

Bernini made a Couch of Marble to lay this Statue on, and there is no one but would believe it to be made of a Stuff proper for ſuch an Occaſion. Every Body, without well knowing why, is apt to put their Finger to it, and is ſenſible, with I know not what Confuſion, of the Hardneſs of the Marble, which reſiſts the Touch, where it was natural to believe it penetrable by the Finger.

A NARCISSUS.

An Antique.

ONE has nothing elſe to do, but to caſt ones Eyes on this *Narciſſus*, to ſee at once, that he looks at himſelf, tho' there is nothing about him, where he may obſerve the Reflection of his own Face. However, one would think it eſſential to place a Looking-Glaſs or Fountain before a Perſon in this Circumſtance; and yet, without either, the Sculptor evidently makes it appear, that *Narciſſus* looks at himſelf; the Force of his Expreſſion ſupplying the Place of Fountains and Mirrors.

One ought very well to know how to deceive Nature, thus to expreſs Actions deſpoiled of their moſt eſſential Circumſtances. Statuaries now-a-days have a great deal

deal of Trouble in bringing about even the moſt trifling and unneceſſary, with their proper Circumſtances. Here the Sculptor, without any of theſe Helps, pronounces the Action of his Statue, in all its Force, by its bare Attitude, and mere Energy of Expreſſion.

SENECA *expiring.*

An Antique.

SENECA is here repreſented with his Veins open, and loſing all his Blood in a Ciſtern of black Marble, where he ſtands naked.

The Ciſtern is hollowed about the Height of half a Foot, and the inſide of it is of Porphyry.

The Statue is not entire, it has nothing of the Legs, but the upper Parts, which are ſet in the Porphyry, which the Ciſtern is full of.

Nothing reſembles ſo much the Colour of Blood as this Porphyry, ſo that SENECA in this Situation ſeems to be really in his own Blood to the Midleg in the middle of a deep Ciſtern, which is almoſt full of it.

It is made of black Marble, which makes the Eyes that are of Alabaſter appear yet more languiſhing and dying.

All

All the Sentiments which he is full of in this Extremity, are repreſented in ſo lively a Manner in his Face and Air, that there is no one but what may read them there. One ſees there evidently that this great Philoſopher is ſenſible that he is drawing on to his laſt Moments, and that he is going to loſe his Life, with the Remainder of his Strength, which begins to fail him. That he is penetrated with the Immortality of his Soul, already buſied by the Approach of the other Life, into which he is going to enter; perſuaded of a ſupreme Juſtice, an univerſal Providence, and convinc'd of the Exiſtence of the firſt one eternal BEING.

His expiring Attitude, his dying Looks towards Heaven, his Face wearing the Marks of a certain Death, lifted up to the Gods; his Blood exhauſted, his Strength abated, all the Members of his Body languiſhing, a general Faintneſs juſt approaching, form all together an Expreſſion ſo touching, that all who look on him muſt be affected with a ſuitable Tenderneſs of Soul.

One really thinks one ſelf actually preſent at the Death of this unfortunate Philoſopher, and that one ſees him in his Agony breathe out his laſt. Indeed, after having well conſidered this Statue, one cannot, as long as one lives, help believing that one

was an Eye-witneſs to this grand Event, and that one really aſſiſted at this ſad Spectacle.

If *our* Sculptors did but know how to make a CHRIST of like Expreſſion, it is certain it would draw Tears from the Eyes of all Chriſtians, without any aid of Eloquence; ſince this expiring Heathen ſtrikes a ſad Sorrow, by his only Expreſſion, into all thoſe who look on him, tho' one has no other Intereſt in him, than that Intereſt of Nature, the Sentiments of which makes us compaſſionate at the Sight of all Objects worthy our Pity.

HERCULES AND ANTEUS.

A Picture in the Palace of the ſame VILLA.

By Cavalier GIOVANNI LANFRANCO *Native of* PARMA.

HERcules holding up *Anteus* in the Air, gripes him with ſuch a furious Force in taking him hold under the Ribs, that he ſqueezes all his Body to that degree, as to make both ſides touch each other. One would almoſt think one heard the dreadful Cries of that unhappy Wretch, who finds himſelf thus ſqueezed to pieces.

Hercules

Hercules appears in this Action to make terrible Efforts, *Anteus* roars, and ſuffers ſuch intolerable Pains, as make him gnaſh his Teeth; and one cannot comprehend how a Painter who never ſaw a Man thus ſqueezed together in the Air, could divine all theſe Expreſſions and Attitudes.

I ſhall ſay no more, but that it is eaſy to ſee in this Work, the Guſto of the ſtrong, firm, terrible, and grand Deſigning of *Annibal Caracci*, *Lanfranco*'s Maſter: To which the Scholar, thro' the whole, has added a Liberty of the Pencil, and a Lightneſs of Hand, which one may look on as his proper Character and particular Talent.

CHAP. V.

Pieces of SCULPTURE To be ſeen in the CAPITOL.

The two Horſes of Marble upon the Baluſtrade of the Court.

Antiques.

And the two others at MONTE CAVALLO; *one of which was made by* PHIDIAS, *and the other by* PRAXITELES.

THE two Horſes of Marble which are at the Entry of the Court of the CAPITOL, have an Attitude ſo full of Life and Movement, that one cannot go under them, as one muſt to come into the Court of the CAPITOL, without being afraid; for there is no Body can look up at them, but would almoſt believe they were coming over his Head: It ſeems as if they had nothing but their hinder

der Feet upon the Baluſtrade; that the other advance out of the Court, and that they are going to throw themſelves to the Bottom of the CAPITOL.

However theſe Horſes, ſo lively as they ſeem to be, appear cold and dead, in Compariſon of thoſe at MONTE CAVALLO; one may judge therefore of what Fire and Vivacity is their Attitude.

The Statuary has made choice of Horſes the moſt fiery and impetuous, and he has known the rare Secret to give them their proper Expreſſion. They ſtand in the Air, juſt ſupported by their hinder Legs, which appear writhed and twiſted by the violent Effects they make to run away, in ſpite of the two Men that hold them.

You ſee all their Skin rumpled, their fore Legs toſſed up in the Air, their Neck in a violent Contorſion, and their whole Body in reſtleſs Motion. Their Mouth is open, and their Tongue hangs out, their inflam'd Noſtrils ſnuff up and diſcharge rather Fire than Air: And to ſee their unquiet Movements, and their violent Action, you would ſay they were going either to throw themſelves at once on their Backs, or precipitate themſelves from the Pedeſtal, and drag along with them the Men who ſtrive to hold them back.

A real and living Horſe muſt have been very vigorous, and incited after a very extraordinary Manner, to repreſent the Fire and Impetuoſity of theſe.

An EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF The Emperor MARCUS AURELIUS.

An Antique.

THERE never certainly was yet any Horſe, either *Engliſh* or *Spaniſh*, how lively and vigorous ſoever, that diſcovered more Life and Vigour than this here, all Braſs as it is.

To obſerve his Lightneſs, one would ſay that he reſts not upon the Pedeſtal which ſupports him, and that he has no manner of Occaſion of ſuch Aſſiſtance. To ſee his Action and his Fire, you will not only ſay that he is about to walk, but that his Feet do not ſo much as touch the Baſis on which he ſtands, and that he moves along in Reality; he ſeems to have more Life and Motion than Horſes themſelves which live and move.

With good Reaſon then may one ſay, That theſe ancient Founders blended Souls with the Metal they caſt.

But

But what ſhall we ſay of the gilding of *Marcus* AURELIUS? What Gold! how ſhining! and full of what Luſtre! how durable! what Art in gilding! This is ſo light, ſo fine, ſo intimately united with the Metal, that it makes but one Body with it; and it ſeems to be a Statue of pure Gold and not of gilded Braſs.

CAAP. VI.

A Saint MICHAEL. A Picture at the *Capucins* of CAPOLE CASE.

By GUIDO RENI, *commonly call'd*, IL GUIDO, *Native of* BOLOGNA.

I Never in my Life ſaw a Picture of GUIDO, that had ſo rich and magnificent a Colouring as this; where, (if one may uſe the Expreſſion) he has been even laviſh of Vermillion and Azure, which he employed ſo little of in his other Pieces.

S. *Michael* is painted in an Attitude the moſt noble and auguſt in the World; his Wings extended in the Air, his Arms elevated, and as if armed with Thunder; his Scarfe flying abroad, and his Garb after the *Roman*. The whole Canvas is filled with the vaſt and ſpacious Grandeur of this Angel, his victorious and terrifying Air; all this has ſomething in it ſo grand and pompous,

pompous, that a Creature cannot poſſibly have an Air more divine without appearing a God.

What ſhall I ſay more? All the rare Talents of GUIDO appear to me to ſhine with all their Magnificence in this only Picture, as in a common Expreſſion; his Manner is eaſy, grand, and noble, ſweet and graceful; his Pencil light and flowing; his bold Strokes running thro' Places the moſt laboured to deprive the Sight and Idea of the Study they coſt him; the Fineſſe of his Thoughts, the Nobleneſs of the Figures, the Grace and Dignity flowing thro' the whole: In a Word, all thoſe great and noble Parts of his Art which have acquired him an immortal Honour and Reputation.

CHAP. VII.

A Saint Cecilia.
A Statue over the Tomb of that Saint in the Church consecrated to her Name.

By Stefano Maderna, *a Lombard.*

THERE is no one but would believe this Statue to be the Workmanſhip of Bernini, ſince, for the Delicacy of the Work, and the Tenderneſs with which the Marble is cut, it is intirely of the Guſto and Genius of that famous Sculptor.

Stefano has repreſented St. Cecilia in the Poſture ſhe was found in a long while after her Death; that is, lying down, and extended after ſuch a Manner, that one half of her Face being towards the Ground, one commonly ſee the other.

It was the dead Body found after this manner the Sculptor would repreſent; and never Deſign was better executed.

One thinks one really ſees a dead Perſon, whoſe Clothes have taken a Turn conformable to the Poſture her falling on the Ground has given her.

It is no longer Marble that one ſees, it is Fleſh, it is her Clothes that cover her, and are ranged according to the Impreſſion which the Weight of a dead Body gives in falling down, to its Members deſtitute of Life and Motion.

The Nonchalance of thoſe Members ſtrike even the moſt ignorant in Art: One ſees the Arms joined, and the Head, carried by its own Weight, turn half of one ſide, to make an Equilibrium to the reſt of the Body, in that Situation we ſee it in.

Even to the very Wounds that the Saint received, all is divinely expreſſed in this Statue: One evidently ſees that it is not only a dead Body, but that it is the Body of a Perſon dead by violent Wounds, tho' there does not appear the leaſt Sign of theſe Wounds: However, her Poſture and Situation in her Fall, makes one ſenſible of them, and the Manner in which this Body lies, and whoſe Members are thus diſpoſed, makes one plainly know that it is the Body of a Perſon, who being mortally

wounded, fell with her Face towards the Ground, and has taken an Attitude ſo natural.

In ſhort, the Marble loſes here its Stiffneſs in the Folds of a pliant Stuff, which follows the Movement of a heavy Body, according to the Bent and Inclination to which, at firſt View, one ſees it yields and gives way. It loſes its Hardneſs in the Fleſh of a Body, whoſe Members turn according to the Situation, which their proper Weight makes them take, and of all its Qualities, retains only its being cold and heavy, to expreſs thoſe of the Fleſh of a dead Body.

A CHRIST.

A CHRIST.

A Picture in the CANCELLARIA, or Chancery in the Apartment of Cardinal *Ottoboni*.

A CHRIST.

A Picture in the Cancellaria, or Chancery.

By GUIDO RENI.

IN this Picture there is only the Head of a CHRIST, crown'd with Thorns: However, I do not think Painting can ever diſplay more Riches than GUIDO has ſhewn in this Head only.

Never was ſeen in a Face ſo much Tranquillity with ſo much Pain, ſo much Force with ſo much Suffering, and ſo much Serenity with ſo much Grief.

In a languiſhing Complexion, livid with Wounds, and on the Blood, which almoſt covers the Face of CHRIST, and where it ſeems to have been a while coagulated, *Guido* has made appear ſuch ſhining Strokes of

of Majeſty, ſuch an elevated Air of Grandeur, ſo ſenſible an Image of Divinity, that nothing but a God could thus be formed, and that never a Man in the World, in the Flower of his Youth, and the moſt happy Fortune, had an Air ſo grand as this Chriſt, in the moſt deplorable Condition a Perſon could ever be reduc'd to.

He muſt certainly have poſſeſſed a true Idea of the *Grand and Beautiful*, to know thus, in the midſt of Wounds, and Languor of a Face, (if I may uſe the Term) buried in Blood, which runs from every part of a Head all pierced with Thorns, how to repreſent it in its full Luſtre and Magnificence.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

PAINTINGS
To be ſeen in the Palace GHIGI, near the Church of the holy Apoſtles, belonging to PRINCE DON LIVIO ODESCALCHI.

DANAE.

By ANTONIO, *commonly called* CORREGIO, *born at* Corregio, *a Town in the* Modeneſe.

THIS Picture is one of the fineſt that ever came from the Hands of CORREGIO. *Danae* is here repreſented in her Bed, with only one Sheet, and by means of which ſhe diſcovers almoſt the whole Body, by wrapping it in a proper manner, to receive the Golden Shower from a bright and yellow Cloud,

Cloud, which diſſolves in Drops of Gold, and falls into thoſe Hollows ſhe has formed within this Sheet.

No Woman's Body in the World could preſerve its Whiteneſs in the midſt of theſe Sheets, which are as white as Milk, or the driven Snow; and yet that of *Danae* is ſo far from loſing any thing of its Beauty, that it ſeems as if *Corregio* had diſplay'd all the Magazine of the dazling Whiteneſs of this Bed, as a proper Theatre to make that of the Woman's Body ſhine with greater Advantage.

Her Beauty, adorn'd with the agreeable Charms of Youth, makes it appear worthy the Paſſion of the greateſt of the Gods; and her Air, full of all the Attractives of Innocence, ſeems to engage *Jupiter* to think it worthy his Care, not to uſe againſt her his Omnipotence, but to manage his Conqueſt by an Artifice ſo ſeducing, as that of the new Metamorphoſis, which he employs to make himſelf Maſter of it.

The Colouring of this Cloud big with Golden Rain, is of a wonderful Extent; but the Genius of CORREGIO is yet more ſo, in the Air with which he has made *Danae* receive the precious Drops of this ambroſial Liquid.

A leſs able Hand would, perhaps, have painted her haſtily gathering up this Treaſure;

ſure; but a Paſſion ſo odious as Avarice, is not the Character of a Perſon ſo young and noble as was *Danae*; and one only ſees in her Air, I know not what agreeable, but innocent Surprize; ſhe receives this Gold, the Object of the Paſſion of a wiſhing Heart, with ſome Complacency indeed, but without any avaritious Greedineſs.

Cupid, who aſſiſts her in receiving this Golden Shower, is of ſuch finiſh'd Beauty, that he appears rather a God than a Man.

The little Loves, which rub upon Touch-ſtone the Point of an Arrow made of the fallen Gold, to ſee if it is of good Alloy, are of an exquiſite Guſto, and their Action is natural to Admiration.

One can ſee nothing finer for Expreſſions, more delicate for vaſt Variety of Colouring, and more charmingly touch'd with the Pencil than this Work.

The Colours are tender and flowing, the Foreſhortnings wonderful, the Manner the moſt finiſh'd that ever was.

All the Thoughts are ingenious, the Airs of the Head graceful and noble, and the Exactitude of the Work does by no means hinder its appearing to be very diſingag'd and eaſy.

It ſeems as if Grace and Beauty dwelt about the Fingers of this excellent Painter,

and

and that they abandon'd them as he work'd, to expand themſelves in his Pictures.

His Colours are tenderly united, and have in them I know not what of Enchantment; his light and flowing Pencil ſeems to have been guided by an Angel's Hand. And when one reflects, that *Corregio* has carried Painting up to ſo high a Degree of Excellence, without having learnt any thing from the Ancients or Moderns, without ſeeing Antiques, and without any Maſter, one cannot help adoring the ſupreme Author of all natural Talents, who, in the Diſpenſation he makes of them, is pleaſed ſometimes to beſtow on ſome Men a Genius ſo much above the Common, as may ſupply the Place of Rules and Precepts, Inſtructions and Examples, and all foreign Aid, as he has done in CORREGIO.

A GANIMEDE.

By MICHAEL ANGELO DI BUONAROTI, *born in the Territories of* AREZZO *in* Tuſcany, *and* Annibal Caracci, *Native* of BOLOGNA.

THIS Picture has this ſingular in it, that the Subject was deſign'd by *Michael Angelo*, the greateſt Man in the World for Deſigning, and the Painting is of

of *Annibal Caracci*, one of the greateſt Men that ever was in that Art.

It is very difficult to comprehend how, according to the Fable, an Eagle could take up a Man and fly away with him up into the Air; the more one thinks of it, the leſs ſeems it poſſible to be conceiv'd. However, *Michael Angelo* has ſo well executed it in the Deſign of this Picture, that he has rendred very likely this Action, which appeared ſo much the more impoſſible, the greater the Efforts of the Imagination are that we are forced to employ to conceive it. For without having made the Eagle too large, or *Ganimede* too ſmall, he knew how to give ſo much Strength to the one, and ſo much Delicateneſs to the other, that it appears very natural that an Eagle, vigorous as he is, will lift up, without uſing much Force, a young Boy ſo delicate as *Ganimede*.

The Attitude which *Michael Angelo* has given theſe two Figures is wonderful, for he has ſo locked in *Ganimede* by means of the Eagle's Neck, and one of his Claws, that he is held with an invincible Force, no manner of Hindrance at the ſame time to his Flight.

One of his Claws, with which he graſps one of *Ganimede*'s Thighs, and his Head and Neck, with which he encompaſſes his Body,

Body, puts him ſo much in his Power, that he has the Movement of his Wings free, and Liberty to fly, leaving his Prey no Poſſibility of eſcaping.

Thus the Painter, by this powerful Expreſſion which he has given the Eagle, by the delicate Structure of *Ganimede*'s Body, and the twining of each within one another, has made probable an Action that ſeem'd impoſſible to the Imagination of the greateſt Wits.

There is yet another thing which I think very wonderful in this Deſign, which is the Dog which looks up, with an Action full of Surprize at his Maſter, whom he ſees carried away in the Air; for nothing is fuller of the true Guſto of Nature than this Dog, which otherwiſe would be nothing, and yet he has a wonderful Effect. Nothing appears eaſier than to imagine it when one ſees it done; but before one has ſeen it, who would have thought on it? You ſee here the Merit of *Michael Angelo* in the Deſign of this Piece, and that of *Carraci* in Painting, with the utmoſt Force and Delicacy, the fineſt Deſign of the World: For never was ſeen an Eagle more perfect, nor a Man's Body more beautiful and better painted. In a Word, one ſees here all the Vivacity which he knew to give to Expreſſion, and all the Strengthimaginable

ginable in its Execution. All the Figures of this Picture equally convince us of the wonderful Talent that this excellent Painter had, to chuſe in all the Objects of Nature, certain ſpecifick and predominant Characters, which make them moſt eſſentially be what they are; and which alſo moſt ſenſibly and moſt ſpecificatively make them appear what one would have them appear, when one knows how to take them as he does, and impreſs them on thoſe things on ewould repreſent.

A SYBILL.

By GUIDO RENI.

THE Paleneſs of this Woman's Face, her Wrinkles, her Headdreſs, and every thing about her, make one ſee immediately that it is a Sybill.

No one ever ſaw in any Picture, an Expreſſion more natural and ſtrong of a profound Reverie, than this which GUIDO has repreſented in the Features of this Woman. Her Soul all retired within it ſelf, by the Force of her Application, ſeems to have attracted, in that Depth in which it is plunged, all the Blood and Spirits of the external Parts of the Body, which are left pale and languid. It ſeems as if this Soul had

had quitted all preſent Objects, even of her own Body, to penetrate into thoſe of Futurity; and the Air of this Sybill wears the Character of a Reverie quite different from that, by which one thinks on the paſt and preſent. She makes Efforts quite otherwiſe, great, to pierce that thick Darkneſs which envelopes all things future; for this ſhe ſeems to do a kind of Violence to her ſelf; and I know not what Air of Suffering, mixed with a profound Application, makes us ſenſible what the Diſcovery of obſcure Futurity, which ſhe would penetrate, coſts her.

For my part, I find nothing more wonderful than this Character of Meditation, which GUIDO knew ſo well how to repreſent in this Picture. He muſt have certainly ſeen thoſe who practiſe Divination force themſelves to penetrate into Futurity, to know how to give an Air of like Efforts to any one's Face; for it is this Air which GUIDO has ſo wonderfully given to this Sybill. She meditates after a quite different Manner from that by which in Paintings we ſee Philoſophers, even the moſt Meditative, making Reſearches after the Knowledge of Truths the moſt hidden and abſtruſe. The *Senecas*, the *Catos*, and the moſt learned Speculators among the Ancients, never meditated with ſuch profound

Thoughtfulneſs as GUIDO has given to this Propheteſs. One plainly ſees ſhe ſearches after Truths after another manner hidden, than thoſe that were the Subject of their Meditation. You would ſay ſhe lifts up with a kind of Horror the dark Veils of future Events, which ſhe diſcovers, and attains with Fear and Dread the Knowledge of the Time to come, into which ſhe penetrates. She ſeems to tremble and look pale; for all this is divinely expreſſed in the Character of the Application and Meditation which GUIDO has made appear in the Face of this Sybill. What Genius is that of Painters, who employ themſelves in finding out Expreſſions ſo ſtudied and inſtructive!

A MADONNA.

By RAPHAEL SANZIO, *commonly called* RAPHAEL URBIN.

THIS Picture, in the Judgment of all Connoiſſeurs, is the fineſt *Raphael* ever painted of this kind, tho' he made an Infinity of ſuch beautiful MADONNAS; for theſe ſort of Pictures ſeem to have been his favourite Pieces, and that he had a particular Inclination to draw them; no Painter ever drew ſo many; no Painter ever drew them ſo beautiful; and this certainly ſo far ſurpaſſes his other MADONNAS,

NAS, as they do thoſe of all other Painters.

There is nothing more ſimple than the Subject of this Picture; it is compoſed only of a Virgin, a little *Jeſus*, a St. *John Baptiſt*, and a St. *Joſeph*.

The Virgin holds the Infant *Jeſus* by the Arm, and St. *John* approaches towards him to kiſs him. *Raphael* has painted them at full length to make us ſee the Beauty of their Bodies entire, and never were ſeen two Childrens Bodies more beautiful and perfect than theſe; and one would be fully perſuaded, having well conſidered them, that Nature had ſhewn her ſelf quite naked to *Raphael*, and revealed to him all her Charms, having known thus to paint her in ſuch Perfection. Nay, I doubt much whether Nature her ſelf be ſo beautiful as ſhe appears to be in this Picture. *Raphael* certainly went much farther than her in this Work, and he has painted her according to the Idea he had of her, rather than according to what ſhe is. Undoubtedly it is not from Nature that *Raphael* has drawn theſe excellent Expreſſions, which are more beautiful than her ſelf; he muſt have drawn them from the Idea of the *Beautiful*, the primitive Source, which is only known to great Men, and whence they drew Expreſſions more or leſs perfect, in Proportion

tion to the Force and Beauty of their Genius.

The Virgin is Grand and Majeſtick; ſhe has an Air the moſt Noble that ever was, but accompanied with a charming Simplicity, which admirably well agrees with the Innocence of the two lovely Infants that are about her.

The Body of St. *John* is no leſs beautiful, nor finely proportion'd than that of *Jeſus Chriſt*; but the Carnation is ſo different, that it is eaſy to know who is *Jeſus* by his white and delicate Fleſh.

Tho' *Jeſus* ſuffers himſelf familiarly to be approach'd by Saint *John*, who comes to kiſs him with the Simplicity of Children, who know not how to make any Diſtinction of Qualities, he preſerves nevertheleſs, in that acceſſible Goodneſs, I know not what ſerious Gravity, which truly makes him appear a Sovereign receiving the Homage of one of his Subjects. And tho' Saint *John* comes to him with ſuch a familiar Action as that of kiſſing is, this Action is ſo modeſt, and ſo full of Reſpect, that one plainly ſees that he is, at moſt, but a Favourite, who only makes uſe of it with that Liberty, becauſe he is thus authoriz'd by the Bounty of his Maſter.

I ſhall ſay no more, but that the Colouring of this Piece is ſo beautiful and fine,

that from the great Diſtance one looks at it, it charms the Eyes, without even diſtinguiſhing the Subject, by the bare Beauty of its Colours.

A VENUS,

In the Gallery of the Palace of the Conſtable COLONNA.

Painted by PAUL CALIARI, *commonly called* PAULO VERONESE, *Native of* VERONA.

IT is impoſſible to ſee any Woman that has more exquiſite Charms than this *Venus:* She has, beſides, that Air of Youth, on which Play ſits ſo well; for ſhe actually plays with *Cupid* her Son, who would take ſomething from her that ſhe has in her Hand, and which ſhe holds up leſt he ſhould do ſo. He ſtands on Tiptoe, and extends his Arm with all his Force to ſnatch away what ſhe will not let him, and this natural Action is beyond all Expreſſion; thoſe little Efforts which he in vain makes uſe of, have in them ſomething, I know not what, of Childiſhneſs, which is very enchanting, and gives a wonderful Grace to his little Body, the beſt

beſt form'd that ever was. One would almoſt think one heard his Murmurs and Complaints; and that *Venus*, who takes a Pleaſure in it, laughs at his vain Efforts, and little Complaints, after a Manner the moſt natural and graceful in the World.

As for my part, the more I conſider this Picture, the more I am perſuaded that the Examination of the Works of PAULO VERONESE, makes us evidently know the Juſtice of thoſe Praiſes which are given this excellent Painter, when we are told that his Execution was firm and ſure: That no one ever equall'd him for Eaſineſs and Maſterſhip of the Pencil: That the Attitudes and the Actions of his Figures are ſo ſimple and ſo eaſy, ſo commodious and ſo natural, and that the Colours are employ'd in his Works with a Practice ſo free and ſo eaſy, that it ſeems as if all things therein were made of themſelves, and without any Pain: That he underſtood local Colours as well as thoſe of his Profeſſion, who excelled in that part of Painting: That he deſigned Womens Bodies with a ſingular Elegance: That his Heads participate of the *Grand* and *Noble*: That no Works are more thoroughly wrought than his, and more ſtudied as to the Touches either in Light or Shade: And that in ſhort, the broken Colours he has employ'd ſo proper-

ly through the whole, give ſo perfect a Union to the others, that the Harmony and Agreement of all together, is what charms and enchants the Eye. But I can by no means comprehend the Motives of thoſe who reproach him, that his Expreſſions have nothing fine in them, and that he has but ill touched the Character of the Paſſions, which may eaſily be anſwered by the ſimple View of theſe two Figures only.

CHAP. IX.

A STATUE.

Which ſome ſay repreſents POPPÆA, *and others* AGRIPPINA, *in the Gardens of* FARNESE, *on Mount* Palatine.

And the FAUNE.

A Statue in the Palace BARBARINI.

Both Antiques.

SOME Antiquaries ſay that this Statue of a Woman, who is in ſuch deep Thought and Meditation in the Gardens of *Farneſe*, on Mount *Palatine*, is the famous *Poppæa*, which appears to me to be no ways likely, *Tacitus*, in

his Annals * ſpeaking of *Poppæa* as the moſt beautiful Woman of her Time; and this has much more the Features of a Man than a Woman. Others will have it to be AGRIPPINA: But be that as it will, it is certain there is not any Statue in *Rome* fuller of Life than this.

This Woman thinks, but one perceives that her Thoughts, if I may be permitted the Term, go even to the loweſt Depth of fathoming the Thing ſhe applies her ſelf to; it is a Reverie the moſt profound, to which ſhe is entirely abandoned; ſhe is poſſeſſed with one of thoſe powerful Reflections which take up the Soul, and ſeparate it from all the Senſations of the Body; and in which we are inſenſible to the Action of all the Objects that ſurround us, we underſtand no more what is ſaid to us, we even ſee not what we look at, and our Body acts no more than like a mere Machine.

This profound Reverie is not only expreſſed by the Features of her Face, and the Air which the Sculptor has given this Statue, but even by the Poſture of her whole Body; ſo that were the Head taken away, one would yet know after a very ſenſible

* Annal. c. 13 c. 4.

Manner,

Manner, that this Woman is in a profound Reverie by her Attitude only.

The Reverend Father *Mabillon* ſays in his Voyage of *Italy*, that the Air of this Woman is *wonderfully compoſed to Sadneſs* *: but perhaps this great Man, who apply'd himſelf in *Rome* to things of greater Importance, only ſaw this kind of Curioſitys *en paſſant*, and I am fully perſuaded, if he had ſufficiently examin'd this Statue, he would have been convinc'd that the Expreſſion does not come up to *Sadneſs*, and that it is only a Reverie, but a Reverie the moſt profound that ever was ſeen: And as the Antients not only made Statues of Men and Women, but even of Virtues, Paſſions, Actions, and the very Sentiments of the Soul; ſuch as Chaſtity, Honour, Concord, conjugal Society and Fidelity; ſo it may very well be that they made this to repreſent Reverie, under the Figure of a Woman.

But be that as it will, there is nothing more natural than her Air and Attitude; the more one looks at her, the leſs does ſhe appear a Statue; the more one is attent to conſider her, the more ſeems ſhe a real Perſon in profound Reverie: No modern Sta-

* Mire ad triſtitiam compoſita.

tue has in it ſo much Life and Nature; nor do I know whether the FAUNE in the Palace *Barberini* can compare with it.

This Faune is repreſented ſleeping in an agreeable and peaceful Sleep; one cannot help looking at it; nothing in the World is finer, nothing more natural; or rather it is Nature her ſelf, all living as ſhe is, that one ſees in this Statue; thoſe fine ones of Antiquity are only ſo on this Account; that which makes them ſo much admired, is very often only a Poſture, a Geſture, a Natural; but ſo natural, that Nature her ſelf is not more ſo: One ſhould, if I may ſay ſo, ſee her naked, to view thoſe Airs ſo delicate, thoſe Lineaments ſo fine, and thoſe Veins ſo natural; a middling Genius thinks not of this, he is ever ſeeking ſomewhat, I know not how guided in every thing he does; only great Men know how to find out theſe, and when they have beſtowed them upon their Works, the Marble is no more Marble, a Statue is no more a Statue, it is Fleſh, it is a Man, a Perſon that lives and breathes.

In ſhort, I ſhall not be afraid to ſay, that there is not in *Rome* any Statue comparable to theſe two for the Force of Expreſſion, in a Subject in which it is ſo difficult to make it appear.

Others

Others generally repreſent one ſhining Action, or ardent Paſſion; this is not very hard to expreſs: But is there any thing more ſimple than Sleep and Reverie? and in this reſpect, in my Opinion, theſe two Statues ſurpaſs them without any Compariſon; ſince Sleep, which is an Image of Death, and Reverie, which is a Species of Suſpenſion of Life, are there however, more naturally expreſſed than the moſt ſprightly Actions, and the moſt violent Paſſions are in all the other Statues.

PIECES OF SCULPTURE IN THE PALACE FARNESE.

A FLORA,

An Antique Statue.

THERE is no Draperie of any other Statue whatſoever, but compared with this of *Flora*, ſeems harſh and courſe; and moſt certainly it is more difficult than one thinks to make Draperie ſo fine and delicate as this is.

The Moderns generally fall into one of theſe two Faults; either their Draperie is too groſs, and hinders the View of the Body, or elſe to ſhew the Body, they make it after ſuch a Manner, as if there was no Draperie at all, but one ſaw the very Parts of the Body themſelves.

All the Art conſiſts in making theſe after ſuch a Manner that they may nevertheleſs ſeem covered; and to cover them ſo that one may yet very well ſee them thro' this Coverture.

This is what the expert Sculptors of Antiquity were admirably well acquainted with; and it is a hard Matter to find any of the Moderns, who to avoid one Exceſs do not generally fall into the other: For ſome to hinder their Figures from appearing rather naked than lightly cloathed, make their Draperie ſo thick that one cannot ſee any of the Body through it; and others on the contrary, to make the Body appear, ſo rarify it, that it is quite nothing at all, ſo that in Reality one ſees nothing but the naked Body it ſelf.

Not one of theſe Faults is to be ſeen in this Statue of *Flora*; her Cloaths do not hinder but one may ſee her whole Body; and yet it is a Body entirely cloathed from Head to Foot.

But

But the Eaſineſs of this Statue is no leſs wonderful than the Delicacy of its Drapery; our fineſt Dancers do not appear ſo eaſy and diſengag'd in dancing as this *Flora* does in walking; ſhe does not reſt upon the Baſis, ſhe only juſt ſets one of her light Feet upon it, which it hardly touches; ſhe does nothing but make the Earth bloom and flouriſh, and moves over its Surface with an Agility like that of gentle *Zephyrs*; the more one looks at her, the leſs appears ſhe fixed; ſhe ſeems rather to fly than walk; and what is moſt ſurprizing is, that this Statue is much larger than the Life; for it is no difficult Matter to give ſuch a Delicacy to a ſmall Figure, but to a Maſs of Marble ſo large and ſo heavy as this muſt have been, out of which this *Flora* was formed, is certainly a Maſterpiece of the greateſt Artiſts: However, it is as certain that there is no ſmall Statue in the World that has in it ſo much Eaſineſs, and is ſo much diſengag'd as this.

HERCULES,

AN ANTIQUE STATUE.

By GLICON THE ATHENIAN.

THIS Statue, without being gigantick, or like a *Coloſſus*, repreſents *Hercules* as a Man the moſt robuſt that ever was; and that only by the Muſcles which the Sculptor has made appear thro' his whole Body.

But what is very wonderful, this Deſign being to repreſent a Hero exhauſted thro' Fatigue after all his Labours, he ſo well knew how to ſhew us, in the ſame Figure, a Prodigy of Strength and Weakneſs both together.

Strength appears there ſurprizing, and capable of all what Fable has made prodigious in that Demi-god; for it is impoſſible to ſee a Body more nervous and muſcular; the Statuary, by the Largeneſs and great Number of theſe Muſcles, has expreſſed that prodigious Strength and Weakneſs by the Nature and Situation of theſe Muſcles; which tho' great and large, appear nevertheleſs void of Spirits, and are all inclined, according to the Impreſſion of a

Body, which the whole fatigu'd Maſs bears upon one Foot, which ſupports all its weight, together with the Club on which *Hercules* lets himſelf fall in order to reſt himſelf upon it: So that never was ſeen a Man more ſtrong and more weak at the ſame time.

This Body is the moſt robuſt and full of Muſcles as ever was known; but theſe Muſcles are every one of them the moſt relaxed as can be, and the Attitude the moſt abated that ever was figured out; ſo that the more one examines this Statue, the more one is in doubt whether the Sculptor had an Intention to make it a Symbol of Strength, or an Image of Weakneſs, as having at the ſame time expreſſed both.

It is a Strength, but ſuch a Strength which extends it ſelf thro' the whole; and ſuch a Weakneſs, that thro' it one diſcovers the Foundations of the moſt prodigious Strength in the World.

It is Vigour it ſelf, but a Vigour dying and expiring; it is the laſt Agony, but ſuch an Agony, in which one ſees the Remains of an indefatigable Strength and Force.

Theſe Muſcles and Nerves are wonderfully large, but quite exhauſted: Here is ſeen an Abatement of Spirits, which tends to an utter Defaillance, but in a Body the moſt vigorous that ever was: In ſhort, it

is

is a Power which can do no more; and ſuch an exhauſting that has in it ſomewhat terrible and frightful at the ſame time; for all theſe Ideas awaken themſelves in every attentive Mind at the Sight of this Maſterpiece of Sculpture.

THE BULL.

An Antique Groupe.

THIS famous Piece is compoſed of two Men, two Women, a Child, and a Bull; theſe ſix Figures are larger than the Life, and diſtant one from another, tho' cut out of the ſame Piece of Marble.

It is certainly the greateſt Piece of Rarity of its kind in the World, and it muſt have been an entire Mountain to form a Groupe of ſuch Immenſity.

However, the leaſt Bit of Marble is there managed with all the Art and Induſtry poſſible; the Sculptor having made here a Dog, there a Serpent; on one ſide a Baſket, on the other Flowers, with ſuch a fine Oeconomy and Diſpoſition of the Matter, as is no leſs wonderful than the Work and Labour of the Chiſſel.

One would otherwiſe admire the beautiful and lively Expreſſions of all the Fi-

gures, the ſurprizing Force of the reſiſting Bull, that of the Man, who would turn about and make him hold down his Head that he might put a Rope about his Horns, the Deſpair of the Woman tied to this Bull, and who ſees her Body a Prey to the Fury of that impetuous Animal which is going to be torn into a thouſand Pieces. The Beauty of this Body, the Charms of which enchant us in ſpight of its Diſorder on Account of her Reſiſtance, and the Efforts of the Executioners who bind her; for it ſeems the Sculptor, more nearly to touch the Spectator at the Sight of the miſerable Condition ſhe is in, has taken care to make her look yet more beautiful than wretched: One would admire, I ſay, all theſe things in any other Piece; but in this the Singularity of the Groupe is ſomething ſo prodigious, that all our Admiration is taken up on that.

CHAP. X

PIECES OF PAINTING

IN THE LITTLE FARNESE.

THE HISTORY OF THE FABULOUS ADVENTURES OF PSYCHE.

PAINTED BY RAPHAEL URBIN.

In the great Hall of the Palace.

THIS Hall is certainly the moſt celebrated Theatre of the Glory of the great *Raphael Urbin*, ſince there is no place in the World where he has done things ſo grand and magnificent, and in the ſame Space.

The Council of the Gods, held upon the Occaſion of the Marriage of *Pſyche*, and the Banquet for her Wedding in two Pieces, in Imitation of Tapiſtry, fill all the Ceiling of that ſpacious Hall.

Theſe

These are two Pieces of a Compoſition the moſt Grand, of the greateſt Extent, and the fineſt Contrivance that ever was. And I appeal boldly to all Judges to declare, if Fame has not been ſincere in publiſhing this Truth over the whole World, with a hundred different Mouths; that no Painter ever had a greater Elevation of Genius, greater Fertility and Richneſs in his Inventions, more Grandeur in his Ideas than *Raphael Urbin*; that no Perſon equalled him for Strength of Judgment in the Choice of his Subjects, for the Magnificence of his Compoſitions, and for a ſage Conduct in the Diſpoſition of Figures: That *here* his Attitudes are the moſt noble and moſt natural, his Expreſſions the fineſt and moſt picquante, and his Pencil the moſt light and flowing, and the moſt delicate that ever was; *there*, that no Painter ever had a Deſign more graceful, where he had more Spirit, more Character, and where the Correction of the Antique was ſo well joined to Truth, and the Simplicity of Nature: That all his Figures have the Majeſty of the fineſt Statues left us by the *Greeks* and *Romans*; that nothing eſcaped him that might ſerve to the Embelliſhment of his Works; that for the Greatneſs of Manner, and grand Guſto, he ſurpaſſes all others. In ſhort,

that

that for Grace and Beauty, that precious Gift of Nature, no one was ever ſo much favour'd with as himſelf, not excepting even *Coregio*, whoſe greateſt Merit however is founded upon that Talent: We muſt enter that Palace, and then ſhall one be ſatisfied that there is not one of theſe Encomiums, but what is juſt and equitable.

THE COUNCIL OF THE GODS.

THIS Piece of *Freſco* is compoſed of ſixteen or ſeventeen Figures, which repreſent all the Gods and Goddeſſes in an Aſſembly, where *Cupid* comes to ask leave to marry *Pſyche*, and where *Venus* being enraged that her Son ſhould go to wed a Mortal, anſwers his Reaſons, and oppoſes his Demand.

Every God and Goddeſs may be immediately known by the Symbols with which *Raphael* has characteriſed them: *Jupiter*, has his Thunder; *Neptune*, his Trident; *Pluto*, a black Fork, which ſerves him for a Scepter; *Juno*, her Peacock; *Pallas*, her Launce and Helmet; *Diana*, her ſilver Creſcent; *Mars*, his Arms; *Apollo*, his Lyre; *Bacchus*, his Grapes and Vine-leaves with which he is crown'd; *Hercules*, his Club and Lyon's-Skin; *Vulcan*, his

his Pinces; *Janus*, his two Faces; and *Mercury*, his Caduceus.

Frame to your ſelf what could be conceived moſt Grand in the famous Tribunal of *Areopagus*, the Senate of ancient *Rome*, and the Councils of the wiſeſt Men in the World aſſembled together in a Body, to decide the moſt important Affairs of the Univerſe: *Raphael* has ſoared higher than all this, and his Council of the Gods has in it yet ſomething more Grand and Auguſt: For what Majeſty is Painted in thoſe ancient Viſages of the three Brother Gods, *Jupiter*, *Neptune*, and *Pluto?* It is here that they appear the true Maſters of Heaven, Earth and Hell, and are the fineſt and moſt finiſhed Heads in the World.

The Goddeſſes appear with all the Grandeur of their Character; but *Venus* outſhines them all, and her Majeſty, Air, and Action ſhew, at firſt view, that ſhe is one of the principal Perſons of the Piece.

On the other Hand, *Cupid*, whoſe innocent Attractives have ſo much the more Force as they are purely natural, preſents himſelf to the Gods with ſuch a Grace, and conjures them to put an end to his Miſeries, with an Air ſo tenderly moving, that it ſeems impoſſible they ſhould refuſe him the Succour he implores:

They

They deliberate however upon it, but in a very different Manner from each other, *Jupiter* thinks; and tho' he is not inſenſible to the Charms of *Venus*, yet more touched with Pity to the Son, ſeems ready to grant his Requeſt, being not able to reſiſt the Prayers of ſo lovely a Child.

Neptune reflects ſeriouſly on *Cupid*'s Demand, and deliberates like a Deity, more free and leſs ſenſible than *Jupiter*.

As to *Pluto*, he deliberates with an Air altogether fierce, ſuitable to the Character of the God of Hell; he makes, on this Requeſt, profound Reflections, he looks upon the Thing as a capital Affair, and appears ſenſible to the Charms neither of *Venus* or her Son: All the Perſons of this numerous Aſſembly think, reflect, meditate, nothing could be more animated, more lively, more thoughtful; they are the very Soul, Life and thoughts themſelves that are here painted, and put into Bodies by the Help of Colours, or rather by the Genius of the divine *Raphael*; what do I ſay? In looking upon this Piece of Painting, I think I ſee Bodies not ſo much ſpeak, act, and move, as Souls and Minds think, reflect, and deliberate.

The Banquet at Psyche's Wedding,

And her other Adventures.

RAPHAEL ſuppoſing that the Gods had granted *Cupid*'s Requeſt, and that they had made *Pſyche* a Goddeſs, that he might marry her with no Diminution of his Divinity, repreſents in this Piece the Feſtival which was kept in Joy of thoſe happy Nuptials.

There are at leaſt thirty Figures in this Piece, but all ſeparated one from another, and all things ſo well diſtributed, that one equally ſees what every one of them thinks and does, and to what Employment the Painter has deſigned them.

The Grandeur and Majeſty of the Gueſts no ways hinder that agreeable Liberty that reigns in a Repaſt: The Gods and Goddeſſes are very merry (as having, if I may uſe the Expreſſion, thrown by their Divinity) with thoſe natural Sentiments of Mortals. Some are buſied in good eating, others pleaſe themſelves in converſing; theſe join in Love and good Cheer; and thoſe give themſelves up to thoſe agreeable Illuſions, with which the Vapours of

Wine

Wine entertain the Brain; the Expreſſions of theſe ſeveral Characters are of a ſurprizing Force and Truth.

The Gods moſt advanc'd in Age, in whom the Cold of old Age moderates the Fire of Wine, ſhew rather a kind of Reverie than Gayety. Thoſe of a middle Age, who are warm'd and animated by good Cheer, ſeem as if they would recal their Youth and Vigour; and the young Gods and Goddeſſes, ſuch as *Cupid* and *Pſyche*, in whom the Sallies of Love are joined with the Fumes of Wine, full of Ardour and Vivacity ſhew themſelves in paſſionate Attitudes and Tranſports all on Fire.

Who could deſcribe the Agility of *Venus* who dance, the Beauty of thoſe Children that wait, the agreeable Air with which the Hours and Graces ſcatter the Flowers by handfuls, and Perfumes in full Veſſels, the Enjoyment of the Gods, the Playings of the little winged Amorets, and the Grace and Beauty of the Graces themſelves?

But nothing appears to me more wonderful than the Manner in which *Raphael* has expreſſed the different Conditions of the Gueſts, and thoſe who ſerve them. Thoſe at Table with ſhining Faces, ſparkling Eyes, appear however half aſleep, and in a Manner the moſt indolent in the World, without

without much Thought, or minding what they ſay or hear; while the Hours and Graces who ſcatter Flowers and Perfumes, the Boys that ſerve up the Meat, and other Servants, in an Attitude ſerious and employ'd, have a cold and quiet Air, the Eyes calm and ſoft, a Countenance compoſed and attentive; the Diverſity of theſe Expreſſions make the moſt beautiful Contraſte that ever was ſeen in any Piece of Painting.

The Friſe of this Hall, and the croſs Angles, are full of the like Maſterpieces of *Raphael* and his Scholars. One ſees there all the Adventures of *Pſyche* perſecuted by *Venus*, and all the Triumphs of Love upon every one of the Gods in particular. They are the fineſt Bodies in the World, the Carnations moſt freſh and lively, the Attitudes moſt grand and expreſſive; ſo that by lifting up one's Head to the Ceiling of this wonderful Hall, one ſees, at firſt Sight, all that Heaven, in the Opinion of the Antients, ever contained moſt beautiful and grand.

A GALATEA,

And other Pictures of Raphael *in the Gallery of the ſame Palace.*

THE Body of this Woman is the beſt that ever *Raphael* painted; the Colours are of a charming Elegance and Sweetneſs, and one may very well place it on a Level with the *Venus* of the *Medicis*, which is the moſt perfect that ever was in the World.

The Grace with which ſhe holds the Reins of the Dolphins that draw her Chariot; her eaſy and natural Air, and the Lightneſs with which ſhe rolls over the Waves, are things that one muſt ſee, but know not how to deſcribe.

The Nereids and Tritons that follow her have that beautiful Natural, thoſe graceful Attitudes, and that Air of Life which one knows is peculiar to the Pencil of *Raphael*; but to ſay true, tho' there is not one of theſe Figures which is not wonderful in it ſelf, that of *Galatea* ſo much ſurpaſſes them,

them, that all the Demi-Gods and Demi-Goddeſſes appear, in Compariſon of this Nymph, mere Mortals.

All the other Pieces on the Ceiling of this Gallery, were painted from the Deſigns of *Raphael*, by his beſt Scholars, and they are as ſo many Maſter-pieces, and one ſcarce ſees any thing even at *Rome* ſo beautiful.

Though the moſt beautiful, for Example, and the moſt ingeniouſly invented, is that of the Year; which under the Figure of a Woman, drives a Car drawn by a red Ox, and an Aſh-coloured Buffalo, which repreſent the Sun and Moon; the Action of this Woman, who lets looſe the Reins to theſe two Animals, and guides them by her Eye, is very natural, and of a wonderful Guſto; and the Life of this Ox and Buffalo is beyond all Expreſſion.

Fame flying in the middle of the Air, is alſo an excellent Piece; even to the little Genii of *Stucco*, upon a black Ground, all is divine, there is no Body but what believes them to be in Relievo: However, every Body is deceived, eſpecially in reſpect to thoſe that are upon the Friſe on the Garden ſide: And it is a thing much to the Honour of *Raphael Urbin*, that his Diſci-

ples working upon his Deſigns, have made ſuch Pieces as they are, in the Judgment of all the World, of a Perfection and Beauty, to which ordinary Painters never could attain, and the greateſt Maſters never ſurpaſſed.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

CHRIST TAKEN DOWN FROM THE CROSS.

A Picture in the Church of St. *Francis alla Ripa.*

By ANNIBAL CARACCI.

I Don't believe that in this Picture, which paſſes for one of the fineſt that ever *Caracci* painted, one can admire any thing more than the Lines and divine Characters which appear on the Face of JESUS CHRIST; for to diffuſe the Expreſſion of Divinity upon the Face of a living Man, is ever a moſt difficult thing, and is only the Taſk of a Genius of the firſt Order; but to make that Image ſhine in a Manner yet more lively on the pale Viſage of one that is dead, is the utmoſt Effort of the greateſt Genius in the World for Painting; and

this is a Maſter-piece of the great *Caracci* in the CHRIST of this Picture.

The Body of this CHRIST is perhaps the moſt beautiful and moſt perfect Body that ever was painted; one ſees here a tender, ſoft, flowing Pencil, Colours imperceptibly blended together, a charming Sweetneſs; never was a living Man ſo beautiful as this dead CHRIST.

The holy Virgin, and *Magdalene*, who are alſo painted in this Piece, have an infinite Majeſty; the Grief of both equally great, but yet of a quite different Nature.

That of the holy Virgin is a Mother's Grief, which drowns the Soul, choaks up the Heart, ſtops the Paſſage of Sighs, and keeps all the Humours lockt up, without permitting ſo much as one Drop to reach the Eyes; it is ſuch a profound and inward Grief that takes away the Power of Speech, and has not the Comfort of Complaints and Tears; a Sorrow which perfectly well agrees to the beſt of Mothers oppreſſed with the Death of the moſt dear and beſt beloved Son that ever was.

The Grief of *Magdalene* is alſo very great, but of a quite different Character: It is the Grief of a wailing Lover, which diſplays it ſelf in Cries and Tranſports: The interiour Grief of the holy Virgin appears

pears by her Face all pale and dry; whereas that of *Magdalene* is all inflamed and bathed in Tears; it is a Grief as equal, but more free, and which, aſſiſted by the Forces of Nature in a very young Perſon, comforts it ſelf by Tears, which ſtream down in Abundance.

In ſhort, there is nothing but what is grand and noble in this Picture; and no Piece of Painting was better underſtood either in Relation to the Diſpoſition and Ordering of the Figures, the Expreſſion of the Paſſions, or the Diſtribution of Light and Shade.

CHAP. XII.

FRESCATI.

FRESCATI is the antient *Tuſculum* of the *Latins*, or at leaſt the Suburbs of *Tuſculum* came to the Place where now *Freſcati* is.

This agreeable Place, all ſown with Houſes of Pleaſure of the greateſt Lords of *Rome*, is on one ſide of a delicious Mountain, form'd out of a great many little Hills, by which one inſenſibly aſcends from one to another. Here on the other ſide terminates the Campania of *Rome*, which makes *Freſcati* yet more beautiful than it is; for this Campania lies uncultivated, dark, and dry; ſo that after one meets with Trees and Water, Cool and Shade, one finds *Freſcati* more charming by half than otherwiſe one ſhould.

There you have before you the whole Campania of *Rome*, which indeed is very ugly; but at the end of it one ſees *Rome* ſomewhat after the ſame Manner as one ſees

Paris

Paris from *Meudon*; and on the left Hand one ſees the *Mediterranean* Sea, which commonly is covered with Barks. Theſe are the general Beauties of *Freſcati*: * Come we now to Particulars.

THE GIRANDOLA,

AND THE HALL of APOLLO AND THE MUSES,

In the Villa of BELVEDERE.

THE fineſt thing one ſees at *Belvedere* of Water-works is the *Girandola*; the Water of which comes out of its Pipe with ſuch Violence and great Quantity, that it turns into Foam, and breaks into a Million of Pieces; it is incredible to think to what a vaſt Height it throws the Water, which falls down again like Hail; and the Air, by means of theſe ſubterranean Pipes, iſſuing out along with the *Girandola*, makes a Noiſe which ſo perfectly imitates Thunder, that one would

* *Freſcati*, as I take it, is about fifteen Miles from *Rome*.

think it thunder'd indeed, and hailed at the ſame time, and that a real Storm had burſt the Clouds.

The Grotto where all this is, is called *Enceladus*, becauſe you ſee an *Enceladus* bearing the World upon his Shoulders.

Not far off this Grotto, is the Hall of *Apollo* and the *Muſes*, where there is an Organ which plays by means of artificial Wind and Water. The Wind makes the Pipes ſound, and the Water turns the Wheels which preſs the Keys: On this you hear Muſick in two Parts, the beſt perform'd in the World, as to time, with all the Propriety and Exactneſs of the beſt Maſters.

THE GIRANDOLA.

In the Villa of the Duke de Gadagnola.

THIS *Girandola* imitates perfectly thoſe *Girandolas* of Fire that one ſees upon rejoicing Days in *Italy*; for at the ſame time that the Water in mounting forms a Body ſtreaming out into an Infinity of Diviſions, like the Fuzees of thoſe kind of Fireworks; the artificial Wind iſſues out with the Water from the ſame Pipe, and makes a Noiſe like Rockets; and

and as at *Belvedere* one would imagine it was Thunder, ſo here you would think it the Noiſe of ſo many Rockets, and other kinds of Wildfire burſting in the Air.

CHAP. XIII.

A St. Jerom,

In the Church of St. Jerom, near the Palace Farnese.

By Domenichino.

THIS Picture is ſeventeen Palms high, and eleven broad, and the Figures are as large as the Life.

Never any Mortal appear'd veſted with more reſpectful Characters than thoſe which *Domenichino* has given this St. *Jerom*. He is an old Man, to whom a long Series of Years has left nothing more than one Blaſt of Life; a poor naked Man reduced to a Grotto, where he is deſpoiled of all things; but the Painter has given him ſo much Dignity, that there is no kind of Reſpect which he does not inſpire by that great and venerable Air which he keeps even in the very Ruins of a Body all broken with

with old Age, and as much decayed by Auſterities as Sickneſs.

A Sage Matron, proſtrate on one ſide of him, takes humbly one of his Arms that ſhe might kiſs his Hand with Reſpect; this Action alone raiſes the Condition of this holy Prieſt, all poor as he is, above all human Magnificence; and makes us ſee that he loſes nothing of his Grandeur, nor the Veneration one gives him, even by the greateſt Poverty to which one ſees him reduc'd.

In ſhort, we may be aſſured that *Domenichino* elevated his Thoughts and Imagination to the Sublime in this Picture, and that this Piece is nothing inferior to thoſe of the great *Raphael Urbin*, neither for Expreſſion of the Subject in general, nor for thoſe of the Figures in particular; the Guſto and Correctneſs of the Deſign, the Simplicity and Variety of the Airs of Heads, nor even, I ſhall ſpeak a bold Word, for a noble Grace and Beauty.

CHAP. XIV.

THE THREE CHILDREN,

OR,

THE SEASONS.

An Antique Groupe in the Palace Juſtiniani.

THESE three Children are cut out of the ſame Piece of Marble, but Marble ſo white, that one would take it for Alabaſter, if it had not a wonderful Poliſh, which the fineſt Alabaſter is not capable of receiving.

They lie in a Baſin of black Marble, which makes their Whiteneſs ſtill appear to the greater Advantage.

They are all three naked; and the Sculptor, by the different Attitude he has given them, deſign'd to repreſent the three different Times or Seaſons of the Year.

One

One lies extended on his Back, with Arms and Legs ſpread out, as Children may be when they die with Heat, and repreſents Summer.

The ſecond is crouch'd up together, having his Head and Knees cloſe to his Stomach, and creeping as near as he can to the other two to warm himſelf, and repreſents Winter.

The third, in ſhort, which repreſents Autumn and the Spring, has his Limbs leſs extended than the firſt, and leſs contracted than the ſecond, having neither too much Cold nor Heat, but keeps the Middle between the two Extremes.

Theſe three little Bodies ſeem to give way to each other in their Contact like true Fleſh; and there is not in all *Rome*, a finer Groupe of a more curious Invention, or a Work more finiſht.

JESUS CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

A PICTURE IN THE SAME PALACE.

By Titian Vecelli, *commonly called* TITIAN.

JESUS CHRIST is here repreſented in this Picture before *Pilate*, as a Perſon accuſed of a Crime before his Judge. *Pilate* interrogates him; and for the Attitude of a Man who queſtions, nothing could be more livelily expreſſed.

As to JESUS CHRIST, *Titian* has really given him the Air of a Priſoner, but it is the Air of a Priſoner that is conſcious he is guilty of nothing: He has the Modeſty of a Suppliant before his Judge; but he has at the ſame time the Countenance of a Man who has nothing to fear from the moſt ſevere Juſtice.

He is bound and manacled as a Criminal and guilty Perſon, and with all that, he imprints Reſpect even in his Judge, inaſmuch as he diſcovers through all his Perſon, the Characters not only of the moſt juſt and moſt innocent of all Men, but even

even of the Author of Innocence it ſelf and Juſtice.

I ſhall ſay no more, but that the Colouring of this Picture is of a Guſto ſo excellent, that *Titian*, who ſeems to have been produc'd by Nature, to ſhew to what Point this part of Painting might be carried, has not made Strength and Beauty ſhine with greater Luſtre than in this Picture.

The Carnations are freſh, vigorous, and ſanguine, but ſo pure, as that they are accompanied with that Force and Strength which make them natural.

In ſome places one ſees that Eclat and Vivacity of Colours, the Choice of which is ſo flaming, and yet ſo neat and delicate: And in others that Diminution of them, which the Interpoſition of the Air is the Cauſe of; and this judicious Attenuation of Light and Shade, only capable to produce the various Degrees of Diſtance, which draw to us or keep back every part of a Picture, which brings towards us what ought to approach us, and keeps off that which ſhould retire; which gives ſuch a Roundneſs to Bodies, and makes their Colours and Extremities looſe themſelves after ſuch an inſenſible Manner, that one imagines to ſee in theſe Figures ſo well looſned,

(if I may ſo ſay) from their Ground * even what is behind them, and that the Eye ſurveys them round; and in a Word, the moſt charming Effects of this wonderful Performance of any Perſpective, which it poſſeſſes as well as the lineal.

One ſees here that agreeable Contraſte, in the middle of which he has ſo judiciouſly preſerved the Union and Harmony of Colours.

Thoſe they call local are here choſen out with a Fidelity peculiar to a great Maſter, but ſo delicate and imperceptibly united, that nothing but his free, ready, and flowing Pencil could produce.

The Oppoſitions are ſtrong, yet ſweet, and the Touches ſo rich and full of Spirit, and with that ſo conformable to the Character of the Objects, that the ſoft Harmony and charming Concert which reſults from them, makes every Judge own that no one ever penetrated with greater Succeſs the very Eſſence of Painting, and the Myſteries of that divine Art than he.

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* Sic enim deſinere debet extremitas ut promittat alia poſt ſe, oſtendatque poſt ſe, oſtendatque etiam quæ occultat, Plin: l. 35. c. 10.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

A Satyre.

An Antique Statue,

In the Villa Ludivisio.

NEVER Satyre alive, (if it be true that there is any ſuch thing) was a more Satyre than this; it is the moſt lively and moſt beautiful Expreſſion that ever was produced by the Genius of Man; the Eyes, the Imagination, the Soul, every thing is affected with the View of this Satyre, and there is ſuch a Life and Spirit in this Work, that makes it even ſurpaſs Nature it ſelf.

All that one can conjecture from the Phyſiognomy and Wiles of an old Fox, the Malice of an old Ape, the Petulance of a Satyre, is all livelily expreſſed in the Air of this; firm on his Legs, tho' ſlender, he ſhews himſelf with a bold Readineſs, braving, with his Body half a Goat, Mankind, whom he ſeems to inſult with his Air full of a gay Impudence: You would ſay he has juſt left his Cave to catch ſome travelling Nymph; and that being ſure of his Snares, which he knows well how to ſpread, he does not donbt of Succeſs.

For my part, I am perſuaded that the Ancients have ſeen real Satyres, of which they have drawn and tranſmitted down to us ſuch beautiful Images; it is not ſurprizing that the Brutality of Men ſhould beget ſuch ſort of Monſters in Pagan times: Beſides, whence could come a Deſign of making an Animal half Man, half Goat? Cou'd ſuch an Idea ever enter the Imagination, if one had never ſeen its Semblance in Nature? However, one ſees an Infinity of thoſe Satyrs made by the Antients.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

A MADONNA.

A PICTURE OVER ONE OF THE ALTARS OF SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE.

By GUIDO RENI.

THIS Picture is only a Copy, but by the ſame Hand, and ſo exact, that one cannot well tell which is the Original: However, one may judge by this Copy, that it is leſs an Image of the holy Virgin, than an Expreſſion of the Delicacy of the Painter who drew it.

The Hands of the holy Virgin are the moſt beautiful GUIDO ever made, and the Manner of her holding the Linnen in which the little JESUS ſleeps, puts the Beauty of thoſe Hands into its greateſt Light.

I ſhall

I ſhall ſay no more, but how valuable ſoever the Repreſentation of that auguſt Depoſitum which that Linen contains may be, the delicate Air with which the holy Virgin holds it, makes it yet more valuable.

In a Word, one cannot here too much admire the wonderful Talent that excellent Painter had, for I know not what Tenderneſs in the Extremities where he deſign'd certain Parts; the Delicacy of which ſeems to have eſcap'd the Pencil of others.

CHAP. XVII.

The Assumption of the holy Virgin.

A Piece of Painting on the Ceiling of the Church of Santa Maria Trastevere.

By Domenichino.

THIS Piece is one of thoſe charming Pictures which pleaſe, at firſt View, both in reſpect of Colouring and Deſign.

The holy Virgin, with Eyes and Hands lifted up to Heaven, with an Action full of Ardour and Fire, ſeems rather to mount by the Force of her Deſires, than by the Help of the Angels that raiſe her.

All the Faculties of her Soul ſeem reunited in her Eyes, and her Looks towards Heaven ſeem to ſeparate this Soul from the

Body, and tranſport it into the very Boſom of the Almighty.

I know not what Rays of a divine Splendor ſtreaming over her Face and her whole Perſon, makes her Body already appear all celeſtial, glorious, and immortal: And tho' to ſee the Swiftneſs of Movement with which that Body is carried up, one would ſay that it retains nothing of its natural Gravity and Weight; it ſeems nevertheleſs, that her Soul, impatient to attain the Accompliſhment of her Glory, forces the Body to advance by thoſe Struggles more rapid than any corporal Movement whatſoever.

The little Angels which are at the Feet of the holy Virgin are of a raviſhing Beauty; they are really Angels, and human Nature never produced any thing ſo beautiful. Beſides, all the Colours of this Piece are as freſh and lively as if but newly laid on; and methinks one ſees I know not what harmonious Vigour between them, that ſeems Proof againſt all the Changes and Alterations which Time brings to ſuch kinds of Workmanſhip.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

FAUSTINA THE YOUNGER,

AN ANTIQUE STATUE.

In the Villa Matthei.

RELIGION.

A STATUE ON THE TOMB OF PAUL THE THIRD, IN THE CHURCH OF SAINT PETER IN THE VATICAN.

By WILLIAM DE LA PORTA*,

A LOMBARD

COMPARISON OF THESE TWO STATUES.

THE Statue of *Fauſtina* the younger, Wife to the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius* the Philoſopher, is in the Judgment of all Connoiſſeurs, one of the moſt excellent Antiques at *Rome*.

* He was Diſciple to *Michael Angelo Buonaroti*, he made this Statue according to the Deſign that was given him by the famous Poet *Annibal Caro*.

Fauſtina

Fauſtina is here repreſented as one of the moſt beautiful Women in the World; ſhe is large without being Maſculine; of a fine Shape but not lean, and plump without being groſs.

Imagine it to be a Body the beſt formed that ever was, wrapt in a Woman's Scarf over a Robe of Silk; for the Extremities of the Veil which covers *Fauſtina* from the Head to the middle of her Body fall over her Arms before, not unlike the Scarves Ladies now wear; this ſort of Veil, only that it covers the Head, has much the ſame Air and Turn with theſe; and the reſt of the Body is ſoftly folded up in a long majeſtick Robe, which covers it after a noble and natural Manner.

Figure to your ſelf, in ſhort, the fineſt Body of the World thus cloathed not to ſhock Modeſty, and dreſt in a Stuff ſo looſe and fine as to diſcover all its Beauty; a Drapery which covers it from Head to Foot, and at the ſame time is ſo thin, as to let one ſee through it the Beauties of the Body; ſo that this Woman has all the Graces of Modeſty, and the Charms of Nudity both together.

One cannot help admiring the Beauty that the Sculpture has laviſht out in her Air, and over her whole Perſon; theſe are modeſt Charms that are attractive and yet

yet fearful; more tender than brillant; ſoft yet ſtrong; lively without dazzling; penetrating, but without having any thing in them above what is Human.

The Statue which repreſents Religion, at the Tomb of *Paul* the III. is of a Beauty quite oppoſite to this: For my part I cannot think there is, or ever was upon Earth a Woman ſo beautiful as this Statue; it is a Beauty, ſuch as Imagination, which has Liberty to form Phantomes at Pleaſure, might figure out; or rather ſuch as the fineſt Genius can form, when it elevates its Ideas above Nature, which is ever defective; it enchants even it ſelf in repreſenting under charming Images, things ſo perfect as they might be, and leſs as they are, than as it could wiſh they were: But be this as it will, it is certain this Beauty is of a Character quite different from that of *Fauſtina*.

It is of a Woman all young, lively and brillant, and of the greateſt Splendour, which effaces all that approaches it, which dazzles, and raviſhes; whereas *Fauſtina* has, for Attractives, only Sweetneſs, Tenderneſs and Modeſty.

The Statue of Religion raviſhes the Heart, without permitting it to deliberate; her imperious Beauty carries it rapidly away by all powerful Charms, which

nothing can reſiſt. *Fauſtina*, on the contrary, lets us be ſenſible of the Pleaſures one taſtes on looking at her; the Eyes have liberty to reflect on all the Charms that engages them, and all the Graces with which they are enchanted; and this Beauty by more tempered Charms, but againſt which it is impoſſible to defend ones ſelf, is more penetrative of the Soul, and more engaging to the Heart. In a Word, if one is to be captivated more with one than the other, it muſt be with *Fauſtina*. For if the other carries away the Heart, the Heart willingly delivers up it ſelf to this; and if we have greater Admiration for the former, we have greater Love for *Fauſtina*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

NIOBE AND HER CHILDREN.

AN ANTIQUE IN THE VILLA MEDICIS.

By PRAXITELES *a Greek Sculptor.*

ONE ſhall not find in *Rome*, or in all *Italy*, or indeed in the World, ſo great a Number of excellent Statues, in ſo ſmall a Compaſs as are theſe.

Every Body knows the Fable of NIOBE, her Vanity and Puniſhment; one may read the Deſcription in *Ovid*, but no Deſcription will ever form in the Mind an Idea like this, which the view of theſe precious Monuments of ancient Sculpture give us.

Here are fifteen Figures together, which repreſent *Niobe* and all her Children; ſome are wounded by the vengeful Arrows of *Apollo*, others already dead, extended on

the Ground; theſe here crouch down to avoid the fatal Shafts; ſome are flying away, others appear wounded; this expiring, and that already dead: And all this with Actions ſo lively, and in Attitudes ſo natural, that being amongſt all theſe Figures, one of which is frightned, and another flys, one would no more think them Statues, but real Perſons; ſo that one cannot help participating of their Sentiments; being ſeized with the ſame Affright and Terror, alarmed with their Alarms, and agitated with their ſeveral Movements.

The Situation of ſo many flying, frightned, dead, and dying Perſons is wonderful; who in States and Actions ſo different, are nevertheleſs ſo well placed, that they do not any ways embaraſs each other; and one may view them equally, either ſeparately, or as forming all together a Groupe of Figures ſo judiciouſly diſpoſed, that with a Caſt of an Eye one may ſee the whole Hiſtory as if it paſſed in our Preſence.

Without entring into a Detail of this grand Work, which would be an endleſs Taſk, one may ſay in general, that the Sculptor has here excellently well expreſſed, even (if I may uſe the Term) the very Life of Death, and its Agonies in the ſeveral Perſons that compoſe it; ſome of whom

whom are expiring, others dead, others not yet pierced with the mortal Arrows, the Terror of thoſe that are frightned, the Unmoveableneſs of *Niobe* changed into Stone.

Nothing can have greater Agility than thoſe who fly; and the fine Shape of *Niobe*'s Daughters and their Poſture in their Action of Flight makes them to the Eyes of the Spectators, appear like Air, and rather that they fly than run.

One ſees, that perceiving the Danger, they would take a precipitate and haſty Flight, but that a chilling Fear ſtops and hinders them from running ſo faſt as the Danger requires.

But in ſhort, our Looks are fixed more attentively on petrified *Niobe*, and this excellent Piece engages all our Admiration; ſo much is it a Work beyond all one can ſay, and a Subject the moſt difficult in the World for the Expreſſion: For if one wonders that a Statuary can give Life and Motion to a Stone, out of which he makes a Man, who by conſequence muſt be a moving and animated Figure; I find it much more wonderful, and much more difficult to make, out of Stone, a Figure to repreſent both together, that is a real Perſon and Perſon petrified.

This is certainly the Maſterpiece of Sculpture; and one may well think it is much more eaſy to make a Stone appear a Man free of Life, than to make a Man to appear at the ſame time both a real Man, and a real Stone; which yet muſt be to repreſent a Perſon petrified as *Niobe*; for the Sculptor muſt have ſo changed the Stone, that he worked upon, as to make it wear the ſemblance of a Woman; and afterwards ſo have changed this Woman, as to make her return again to Stone, and at laſt make her to be both together; that is, both a Woman and Stone, as ſhe appears to be.

I ſhall only add, that this Statue is larger than the others, over whom ſhe has even an Air of Rule and Dominion. She is placed on the higheſt Ground; all the other Figures ſeem to be made for her, and regard her as their Principal: Who has therefore an Air ſo Great, ſo Noble, and ſo full of Majeſty, even in the utmoſt Grief and Deſpair, that *Latona* and every other Goddeſs, without Exception, even *Juno* her ſelf, ſeem to yield to ſuch a Mortal.

In ſhort, nothing is more wonderful than all theſe excellent Statues, either conſidered ſeparately in themſelves, or in the Relation

Relation they bear each other, or what they have in general to *Niobe*.

What a vaſt Collection of Beauties and Maſterpieces are had in the ſpace of twenty or thirty Foot! This would be enough entirely to adorn and furniſh a large Kingdom; however it is only the Ornament of a Corner of one Garden in *Rome*.

CHAP. XX.

An Epitaph

In the Church of the Minerva.

By Cavalier Bernini.

THIS Epitaph is an ingenious Caprice; whereas in all the other Works of *Bernini*, one ſees the Elegance, the Nobleneſs, and I know not what Singularity and Novelty, the Off-ſpring of a Genius, that invents every thing; he makes and copies after no Body, quite the reverſe from the generality of the Profeſſors of his Art: This Epitaph fixed to one of the Pillars of the *Minerva*, is of this Character.

It is a large Piece of black Marble, out of which he has formed a large flowing Cloth, or rather a great Carpet knotted

ted up at Top, which in falling down forms a quantity of negligent Folds of ſuch a large Size, as gives it an infinite Majeſty. The Inſcription is graved in Characters of Gold upon this black Marble; never was any thing invented more Noble for a ſingle Epitaph: Thus in the very Caprices of great Men, one finds more Guſto and Genius than in the moſt ſtudied Pieces of others.

CHAP. XXI.

The Fountain De Montorio.

By Cavalier Fontana and Carlo Maderna.

WHEN one looks at this proud *Fountain*, one is in doubt to which of the two one ſhould give the Preference in relation to its Magnificence, either to that in the Piazza Navona, which we ſhall deſcribe in the next place; or to this, which is an entire River, and runs out of five Mouths, in a kind of Portal or triumphant Arch; and this River being thus divided, it looks as if it were attended with two Torrents.

This Arch has five Gates, adorned with the moſt beautiful Colours of oriental Granite that can be ſeen; and is higher, larger, and more Grand than all the triumphant Arches that ever were.

The

The Torrents of Water by their continual Movement, and great Noiſe they make in their Fall, ſeem to animate this magnificent Piece of Architecture; no Work of this Extent, either Antique or Modern, ever had more Majeſty and Grandeur; and for its Situation, nothing in the World could be more favourable, being upon *Montorio*, the Janiculum of the ancient *Romans*, which ſeems on that ſide to lord it over *Rome*; ſo that from all places on the other ſide the *Tyber* one ſees this proud Work as a lofty Spectacle to every Eye.

CHAP. XXII.

THE FOUNTAIN IN THE PIAZZA NAVONA.

By CAVALIER BERNINI.

THIS is one of thoſe modern Pieces that may be parallelled with the moſt beautiful Things the antient *Romans* made to adorn old *Rome*; and one may even doubt whether they ever did any thing ſo beautiful on the like Subject.

Genius, good Taſte, Grandeur, are all here in this Work; and for a Fountain, never was form'd a Deſign ſo grand and magnificent.

Four Coloſſi of Marble repreſent the four greateſt Rivers of the World, the *Ganges*, *Euphrates*, the *Nile*, and the *Danube*; theſe four Figures are of an admirable

ble Deſign, formed with an Art entirely ſingular, to figure out ſymbolically theſe Rivers; the *Nile* eſpecially, which is known by his Crocodiles, is yet more ingeniouſly characteriſed by his Head ſurrounded and half covered with Flags and Reeds, which wonderfully figures out this River; the Source of which is not too well known.

Theſe four Coloſſi lie ſtretched out at the four Corners of a Rock of Marble ſo ruſtick that it really looks like a Rock indeed.

Below theſe Rivers, through Paſſages made for that Purpoſe, iſſue out vaſt Quantities of Water, but after a very irregular Manner, and yet the moſt agreeable in the World, which makes the Rock appear yet much more natural, as well as the Water, which iſſues through Creviſſes it ſeems it ſelf to have made in the Rock for its Paſſage: Theſe Streams of Water are ſo large, that one alone would be ſufficient for a very great Fountain; however, there are four of them that flow with equal abundance.

The Rock is pierced on both ſides, and hollowed ſo as to make a Cavern, the bottom of which is filled with Waters of the Fountains that are above.

A Lion of Marble drinks out of it on one ſide, and a Sea Horſe leaps out on the other;

other; and theſe two Figures are two Maſter-pieces in their kind, as well as the four Coloſſal Statues.

The Sea Horſe ſeems to ſhake himſelf as he comes out of the Water to advance himſelf from the Cavern, and launch himſelf out at length; ſo much Agility has he and Fire.

The Lion appears heated with Slaughter, and ſo greedy, as if he believed there was not Water enough there to quench his Thirſt: He opens wide his Paws, extends his Breaſt in order to give more room to his Lungs, which ſeem as if they were going to drain the Baſin and make the Cavern dry.

The Antients made uſe only of one Statue to repreſent a great River; here four Coloſſi ſerve for the Decoration of one only Fountain; what Magnificence! what Grandeur!

The Attitude of the River-Gods was uniform amongſt the Antients: It was always an old Man with a long Beard leaning on an Urn, the Body lying down and extended: Here all is varied, and the four Statues have Attitudes quite different from each other.

In fine, the whole Work is as it were crown'd by an Obeliſk, which being plac'd on the Top of the Rock, that ſerves as a Baſis for a very high Pedeſtal; makes it look

look like one of the greateſt Obeliſks of *Rome*; ſo that *Bernini* has diſplayed more Magnificence in this one piece of Architecture, than the greateſt Architects knew how to ſhew in Works of the vaſteſt Extent.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

The Gamesters,

A Picture in the Palace Barberini.

By Michael Angelo Merigi, *commonly called* Caravaggio, *born at* Caravaggio, *a Town in the* Milaneſe.

THERE are only three Figures in this Picture, two Sharpers, and a young Man very ſimple, whom they rook out of his Money.

Never was a ſilly Ninny better repreſented

ed than here in the Phyſiognomy of this young Man who ſuffers himſelf to be duped; nor a roguiſh Slyneſs better painted than in the Face of the Gameſter that cheats him.

There ſtands by him a ſecond Sharper, who tho' he does not play, is of Confederacy with the other; he ſtands between the Players, and looking on the Cards of the Dupe, marks by his Fingers the Points of his Game to the other. This ſecond Sharper is much older than he that plays, and has in his Wrinkles certain Airs of a Rogue, ſomewhat more crafty than the other; of a conſummate Villain, a Rogue grown old in his Trade; an incorrigible arch Cheat, a Maſter Pick-pocket in Compariſon of the other, who as ſharp as he appears to be, is only a Villain in his Apprenticeſhip.

In a Word, all the Expreſſions of this Picture are ſo natural and ſo perfect, that one comprehends, at firſt Sight, the Genius, the Character, and the Actions of the Perſons that compoſe it, and even a Child, without telling him any thing of the Subject, would plainly ſee it was a Fool cheated by a Couple of Sharpers.

To conclude; one ſees in this Piece, as in all the others of *Caravaggio*, that Manner equally ſoft and ſtrong, without any thing borrowed from other Painters; for he wonderfully

derfully joins a terrible Strength with an agreeable Sweetneſs; his Pencil is the ſtrongeſt, and at the ſame time the moſt mellow that ever was.

His local Colours are well ſtudied, his Lights and Shades diſtributed with all poſſible Underſtanding, thro' every one of his Objects in particular, and the whole in general; his excellent Diſpoſitions well contraſted; his Compoſitions judiciouſly ranged, and in all their Propriety; his Manner of great Effect; his Work finiſhed with the utmoſt Exactitude; and for what he has of the *Chiaroſcuro*, he has puſhed that Science ſo far in Practice, that even RUBENS, who in the Judgment of moſt People has carried it beyond all other Painters by his Capacity in that Reſpect, owns CARRAVAGGIO in this to have been his Maſter; ſo that nothing is more agreeable than that graceful Repoſe one finds on that Account in all his Works.

This Painter, without too much agitating or torturing his Colours, or deſtroying them as others do, by the Movement of his Pencil, knew how to unite them, and tenderly incorporate them together; and give by this means, ſuch a prodigious Truth to his Objects, that he has, if one may ſay ſo, rendred them palpable,

palpable, and all the World muſt own, that Nature could never be better copied than ſhe is painted in every thing he finiſhed.

CHAP

CHAP. XXIV.

St. Peter's Head,

A Picture in the Palace Pamfilio.

By Annibal Caracci.

IT is impoſſible to ſee a more lively and more perfect Expreſſion of Contrition than that which *Caracci* has given this St. *Peter*, who is repreſented weeping for his Sin.

It is the moſt bitter Repentance, and moſt ſorrowful Heart breaking in the World.

The Soul of this Apoſtle, all penetrated with Bitterneſs, appears in his contrite Viſage, overwhelm'd more by that deep Sorrow which is there painted, than by the Tears which drown it.

Theſe

Theſe Tears are ſo true and ſo natural, that one could not make them more ſo with Water it ſelf thrown freſh upon it; that Element would not be different from it, either as to its being liquid or tranſparent. Never did any one ſee a Face or Eyes more moiſtened with real Tears; and every one is tempted to put his Finger upon it to ſee whether he is deceived.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

The Crucifixion of St. Peter.

A Picture at St. Paul's alla tre Fontane out of Rome.

By Guido Reni.

WHether it be the Strength of the Shades, or Time that has blackened the Ground of this Picture, there is not one in *Rome* where the Figures have ſo much Relief as there is in this; ſo that on looking upon it, one believes one ſees real Executioners, who hold, nail, and crucify St. *Peter*, without any Picture; and becauſe the Cloth is ſo black that it does

not appear, one imagines one ſees nothing but the Bodies, with all their Roundneſs and Relief.

One of theſe Executioners places himſelf at the Head of the Croſs, which is turn'd upſide down, with a Hammer and a great Nail to drive thro' the Apoſtle's Feet, as ſoon as another who draws it up with a Cord ſhall have got it high enough; and the third holds up the Head and Shoulders to facilitate the Action of his Companion who draws the Rope.

At firſt View, one thinks the Blood leaves the Feet and Legs to fall into the Head which is downward, and the other Parts of the Body near it; the Skin of the Cranium and Face are all over red, the Neck and Stomach are alſo red, but withered, not ſo deep as that of the Head and Face, whither a greater Quantity of Blood deſcends.

On the other Hand, the Soles of the Feet are much whiter by ſeveral Degrees than the Legs, becauſe the Blood ſooner left them, and fell down much lower.

In fine, the Colours of white and red are diſtributed with a Proportion ſo judicious, that it ſeems as if the Redneſs of the Face encreaſed, and that the Legs grow more white and pale; and more and more

ſo,

ſo, according to the Duration of the time one takes in looking at them.

To conclude; if one did not know otherwiſe, that GUIDO did not obtain from Cardinal *Borgheſe* the Preference to other Painters who offer'd themſelves to paint this Picture, but upon Condition that he ſhould paint it after the Manner of *Carravaggio*, which pleaſed him then ſo well, it would be eaſily known by that ſtrong and obſcure Guſto that reigns thro' the whole, but which is throughout accompanied with that Nobleneſs and Grace which make the proper Character of GUIDO RENI.

CHAP. XXVI.

MOSES.

A STATUE ON THE TOMB OF POPE JULIUS THE SECOND, IN THE CHURCH OF St. PETER AD VINCULA.

By MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTI.

THIS would have been one of the moſt magnificent Works of *Rome*, had it been finiſh'd according to the Deſign *Michael Angelo* made of it; his *Moſes* is the greateſt Ornament of it; and this excellent Statue, which is greater than the Life, is the moſt majeſtick of any modern Production.

That venerable Beard ſo long, and yet ſo well turned, gives *Moſes* an infinite Grandeur and Majeſty, but a Majeſty fierce

and firm, and an imperious and ruling Grandeur.

All what the antient Sculptors have given of the Grand and Venerable to their Gods of Rivers, Gods of the Sea, even their *Neptune* is much ſhort of what *Michael Angelo* has given his *Moſes*.

No Deſcription, no theatrical Decoration, where the Art of a Genius the moſt proper for it has been often exhauſted, ever ſhewed an Expreſſion ſo noble, of ſo grand a Majeſty, or ſo lively an Image of Divinity.

The *Pompey* of the Palace *Spada*, and the Conquerors of ancient *Rome* are not ſo grand in their Statues as this Legiſlator of the People of God. One cannot by all the Terms, and all the Expreſſions in the World, arrive at the Formation of the Idea which the Sight of this Figure impreſſes in the Minds of thoſe who look at it; it is Grandeur and Majeſty it ſelf, under the Figure of *Moſes*.

CHAP. XXVII.

The Transfiguration of our Saviour.

A Picture in San Pietro Montorio.

By Raphael Urbin.

THIS Picture is twelve Foot and five Inches high, above ſeven Foot nine Inches and a half broad, and has this in it in particular, that one ſees nothing ſurprizing at firſt, as having not one of thoſe glorious Lines which make themſelves admired at firſt ſight by all thoſe who look at them; but the more Underſtanding one has in the Art of Painting, the more one diſcovers in it thoſe Beauties, which make all Judges own that this Work is not only the Maſter-piece of

Raphael Urbin, but even the very Triumph of Painting.

Painters will tell you that this Picture is the moſt perfect in the World for Correctneſs of Deſign, for ordering the Subject, for the Aſſemblage of Groupes, for the Variety and Harmony of Colours in ſo many Garments, where they are diverſified not only in their kinds of green, blue, red, and yellow, but even all different one from the other in the Species of ſo many Greens, Blues, Reds, and Yellows, of different ſorts more ſtrong, or more weak, all managed with ſuch Diſcretion, and ſo well accorded, that nothing in the World can be more lively.

The ſame Painters will bid you obſerve well the Body of that Woman at the Front of the Picture (who brings her Son poſſeſſed of a Devil to Chriſt) as one of thoſe Bodies ſo divinely well deſign'd, by which one ever knows the great *Raphael Urbin*. One of theſe Bodies, the Colours of which are ſo graceful and delicate, have an Elegance of a natural Beauty which enchants which ſide ſoever he repreſents it to us: This which is turned, makes us ſee a Shape the moſt free and eaſy, and the moſt noble that could be figured.

They

They will tell you in fine, that this Piece alone is ſufficient to make one know that this excellent Painter has ſeen by the Penetration of his Art, into the Neceſſity and Artifice of *Chiaroſcuro*, the Idea of which he could not draw from any Painter of his Time, nor learn its Principles from any of his Maſters, who had abſolutely no Knowledge of it: That in this Picture the Strength of his Deſign is ſuch, that the Colours are there pronounc'd with ſo much Neatneſs and Preciſion, that nothing more can be deſired by the marked Lines even to the moſt ſecret and hidden Extremities; and that this Strength is at the ſame time accompanied with ſuch Softneſs, that even in the moſt viſible Parts one ſees a delicate Liberty which baniſhes every thing that is hard and dry. That the Compoſition is noble, rich, abundant, full of Gravity and Diſcretion; that all the Actions there are expreſſed with Grace and Propriety; that his Figures have all eaſy and natural Movements; that if they are not always Groupes of Light and Shade, they pleaſe however after the moſt agreeable Manner by their Actions; and if his Draperies have ſomewhat of the little Manner in them, he has made them in a grand Guſto, and placed them when he pleaſed, in a beautiful Order of Folds; all which,

to ſpeak the Truth, could not be perfectly well known but by thoſe of the Profeſſion, and who know the Art and Rules of Painting: However, we ſhall now ſee what Wonders good Senſe and a little good Taſte may diſcover to the whole World in this Picture.

This Piece is compoſed of ſeven and twenty Figures, all ſo well plac'd, that except four or five, one ſees them all entirely; contrary to the common Cuſtom of Painters, who either to avoid Work, or that they know not how to diſengage a Multitude of Figures one from another in the ſame Picture, preſent us with a great many Heads behind ſome Perſons who are painted at their full length in the Front; but here every thing is free and diſengag'd, and the Figures ſo judiciouſly ranged, that one ſees them all alike, without any Confuſion, or one hiding or covering another.

Never were known Epiſodes to form an Action more eaſy to conceive at once than that of this Picture.

An afflicted Mother, accompanied with a Parent and ſome *Jews*, preſent to JESUS CHRIST her Son who was poſſeſſed, that he might deliver him from the wicked Spirit: A ſtrong robuſt Man holds this Infant, who is horribly agitated by the Convulſi-

ons

ons of the Poſſeſſion, with ſtiffned Arms, and Eyes ſtarting out of his Head, and the Fingers bent backward, tormented with the Pains he ſuffers: One thinks one hears his Cries, and is ſenſible of his Agonies; all his Veins are ſwoln, the Skin of his Body ſtretched after an extraordinary Manner, his Muſcles tumid, and all the Parts of his Body in ſuch a violent Condition, that no other Torment but that of Poſſeſſion could viſibly put a human Body in the like Contorſions.

This Mother finds the Apoſtles without JESUS CHRIST at the Foot of Mount *Thabor*; ſhe ſhews them the Tortures her Son ſuffers; all the Apoſtles look with an Attention full of Aſtoniſhment at the Convulſions of this Child, but not believing it in their Power to free him from the Devil that poſſeſſes him, one of them contents himſelf to ſhew the Mother the way which their divine Maſter had taken, who was retired to the Top of that Mountain, at the Foot of which they attended him.

The Mother ſhews the Apoſtles her ſuffering Son, the Apoſtles in their turn to the Mother the Summit of the Mountain where their Maſter is. The Action of the Mother carries our Eyes to the Apoſtles, and that of the Apoſtles elevates them to JESUS CHRIST; and

theſe two Actions have ſuch Union one with another, that the Deſign of the Picture is diſcovered at once, and the Hiſtory alſo comprized at one View.

The Heads of the Apoſtles, and of the Jews that came along with the Mother, which have all Airs ſo different, appear to be more and more animated the longer one looks at them; and the Life that flows thro' the whole makes the Spectator enter into the Action, and that full of the ſame Sentiments of theſe ſeveral Perſons, he quits them all to look as they do, with a Pity full of Aſtoniſhment at the ſuffering Infant.

One believes ones ſelf really preſent at that very Action; that one ſees a real Mountain in Size and Colour; that one is actually at its Foot with the Mother of the poſſeſſed Child; one looks up, as ſhe does, towards the Summit of Mount *Thabor*, where the Son of God appears in the Air with ſo ſhining a Whiteneſs as enlightens the whole Picture, and by the Splendor of which one ſees JESUS CHRIST full of a Majeſty only peculiar to a Divinity; a Splendour ſo brillant and ſo lively, that the Top of the Mountain, which is all illuminated, makes the Bottom appear to lye in a kind of Darkneſs and Obſcurity.

CHRIST appears in the Air with a triumphant Attitude, as a God, who ſupports himſelf by his own proper Power.

Moſes and *Elias*, who are on each ſide, ſhine alſo with a very great Splendour, but which yet only appears as a Reflection in reſpect of that of JESUS CHRIST; and tho' their Suſpenſion in the Air has an Attitude which diſplays Victory and Triumph, *Raphael* knew ſo well to join with it ſuch a Modeſty, that they always appear two Creatures penetrated with the Veneration of their Creator and God, whom they adore with Sentiments of the moſt profound Humility, even in their triumphant Suſpenſion.

The three Apoſtles who went up with JESUS CHRIST to the Top of Mount *Thabor*, ſeeing him environed with ſo great a Splendour, and cloathed with ſo much Majeſty, remain equally dazzled and aſtoniſhed; and tho' the Attitude of all three are very different, it would be a very difficult Matter to ſay which expreſſes the Amazement and Surprize ſuch a Spectacle produces.

The Art of *Raphael* is above all admirable in the Expreſſion, by which he has ſhewn in a Manner ſo ſenſible the Elevation of JESUS CHRIST, in reſpect to theſe three Apoſtles; for tho' there is only one Foot diſtance

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diſtance between him and them, he ſeems to touch the Empyreum, and that the Summit of the Mountain where they are, in Relation to him, ſeems a profound Abyſs, where he leaves them infinitely lower than himſelf; the firm and elevated Attitude of CHRIST, and the Proſtration of his Apoſtles, one of whom has his Body extended almoſt at its full length upon the Ground, produce this Effect; and this is what no Painter ever yet knew how to imitate in any of the Copies that I have ſeen made of this Piece; indeed one ſees in theſe Copies, that this Apoſtle is upon the Mountain, and that he touches it; but the Attitude of this Body ſo naturally extended, is one of thoſe Productions of the Genius, and one of thoſe Expreſſions of the Pencil of the divine *Raphael*; all which no other Painter ever knew how to arrive at.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

PIECES OF SCULPTURE AT St. PETER'S, ON THE VATICAN.

St. PETER'S CHAIR.

By Cavalier BERNINI.

THIS Work is one of thoſe whoſe Beauty is ſo bright as to make the whole World render that Juſtice which is due to their Authors; for one cannot look at it without admiring the Richneſs of that Genius, whoſe Invention could make, if I may ſay ſo, out of nothing, a Thing ſo grand and magnificent.

To make a Chair, and to make it one of the greateſt Ornaments of the moſt beautiful Church in the World! Here undoubtedly it muſt be own'd, that Art ſurpaſſes Nature, that the Mind ſupply'd the place of Materials, and that the Magnificence of a Genius elevates the Simplicity of a thing which has nothing grand and beautiful in it ſelf; and this is what *Bernini* has done in this Work.

He has encloſed the Chair of St. *Peter* in a Chair of Braſs gilt, pierced thro', and enriched it with all the Ornaments that Sculpture can furniſh on the like Occaſion: It is held up by four holy Doctors *, all of Braſs, much larger than the Life, all crown'd with a radiant Glory of Braſs gilt; and all this together, executed as it is, produces an Effect ſo grand and ſo magnificent, that certainly there is nothing more beautiful in the Church of St. *Peter*.

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* *Athanaſius*, St. *Chryſoſtome*, St. *Ambroſe*, and St. *Auguſtine*.

MADONNA DELLA MISERICORDIA.

OR,

OUR LADY OF PITY.

A GROUPE OVER THE ALTAR OF THE GREAT CHAPEL, WHICH SERVES AS A CHOIR TO THE CANONS.

By MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTI.

NEVER Marble was better wrought than this *, it ſeems to have been a kind of Paſte which the Sculptor has moulded as he pleaſed.

In other Pieces, one admires the Life which Sculptors give to Marble, which ſometimes they animate after a wonderful Manner. In this Piece one muſt ſtand in as much Admiration of Death, of which *Michael Angelo* ſo well knew how to make an Expreſſion in all the Members of

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* *Michael Angelo* made this Piece for Cardinal *Briconnet.*

the Body of JESUS CHRIST, which this holy Virgin holds on her Knees.

In other Pieces, one cries up the Lightneſs which Sculptors give their Statues; in this one as much admires even the Heavineſs which *Michael Angelo* knew how to beſtow on Marble it ſelf, in order to make the Members of CHRIST fall; the Gravity of which one ſees as plainly here, as Lightneſs in the Statues of other Sculptors.

This Piece nevertheleſs, has two Faults which will ever hinder it from being placed in the ſame Rank with the other Works of this great Man.

The firſt is, that the holy Virgin has JESUS CHRIST upon her Knees without appearing any wiſe incommoded; now it is not poſſible that a Woman ſhould have the Body of ſo large a Perſon on her Knees without being ſenſible of the Weight, of being ſomewhat uneaſy.

The ſecond Fault regards the Virgin only: It is certain one cannot give more Majeſty to a Woman than *Michael Angelo* has given her; ſhe is all noble, full of all Grandeur and poſſible Dignity; in this reſpect ſhe is indeed a Prodigy; but he has made her too young to be a Mother of a Man above thirty Years of Age.

Michael

Michael Angelo thought of nothing but making an agreeable Figure, a ſweet Face, modeſt and beautiful, and he did ſo; but he did not attend to the Proportion of the Age which he ſhould have given the holy Virgin in Relation to JESUS CHRIST; ſhe is his Mother, and ſhe appears here to be his Siſter; ſhe is a tender Mother, a Mother of Grief and Sorrow; and the oppreſſing Pains which ſhe ſuffer'd on account of the Paſſion and Death of her Son ought to have made her old, but *Michael Angelo* has made her very young.

VASARI in his Book of the Lives of Painters endeavours to excuſe this Fault, and would even in this ſhew us a Character of a Beauty of the higheſt Perfection; for my part I make no more Difficulty to agree with him, than to own at the ſame time that the Merit of this excellent Sculptor is otherwiſe ſo firmly eſtabliſh'd, that a Fault of this Nature would but very lightly affect his Reputation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

A MAGDALENE.

A PICTURE IN THE PALACE PIO, IN CAMPO FIORE.

By GIACOMI ROBUSTI, *commonly called* TINTORET, *born at* Venice.

THIS *Magdalene* is not the moſt beautiful Perſon in the World, but ſhe is ſo full of Life, that never Picture ever appeared leſs a Picture than this: It is really a Woman alive, and weeping in the midſt of all the Inſtruments of Chriſtian Mortification; and in a Grotto, the Furniture of which inſpires no leſs a penitential Sorrow than the Tears and Compunction of this penitent Woman.

The

The Colouring of this Piece is as excellent as ſingular. *Magdalene* appears there upon Straw; her Habit is a Tiſſue of the Barks of Trees of the ſame Colour of the Ruſhes, of which the Mat is made which ſerves for her Bed; the Stones of this Grotto are likewiſe dry and yellow like her Habit, Mat, and Straw; and all this ſuits ſo well with her pale and withered Face, that no Work in the World is better ſet off with proper Colouring.

I ſhall ſay nothing of the Character of the Painter, only that not one of his Pictures ſhew better than this the particular Talent he had to characteriſe his Subject; that his Carnations were never more true, his Touches more judicious, and his Pencil more vigorous and ſtrong.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

Porta del Popolo.

By Michael Angelo Buonaroti, and Cavalier Bernini.

THE *Porta del Popolo* has this ſingular in it, that it is only the Work of the two greateſt Architects that *Italy* has produced in theſe latter Ages; for the Front, or *Fracciata* which is out of the Town, was made by *Michael Angelo*; and the other, which is within the Town, by Cavalier *Bernini*.

The

The Ornaments with which other Gates are ſometimes all co vered and hiſtoried over, will only look like ſo many Pieces of cut Paper in Compariſon of the noble Simplicity of this, which has but three Ornaments, a Feſtoon, and two Volutes, but of an Elegance by which one knows at firſt ſight that they muſt have been the Productions of one of the greateſt Maſters of the Art.

I ſhall add no more, only this, that I believe one cannot ſee any thing more beautiful than this Gate, eſpecially if one looks at it in the middle Street leading to the Piazza, where ones Eye is taken up with the View of an Obeliſque that ſeems to crown the whole: For *Bernini* having made the Top of this Gate of a full Arch, very little different from a perfect Circle, and the Obeliſque appearing above it, this Arch ſerves for its Baſis; the Obeliſque ſeems to be placed upon the Gate, and to terminate it admirably well with the Croſs it has upon it; ſo that at a certain Diſtance, one cannot ſee a more beautiful Piece of Architecture, eſpecially in the Evening, when the Twilight favours the Illuſion of the Eyes; to which theſe two Pieces of Art, tho' ſeparated from each other at a great Diſtance, appear nevertheleſs together, or rather one and the

ſame

ſame thing. One ſees at ſuch a time a perfect Obeliſque, which ſeems to have for its Baſis a vaſt Globe, on each ſide of which are two kinds of *Adouciſſements en Gorge*, which have the ſame Effect as two large Parts of a Circle, and Balls upon Pedeſtals, which riſe from each ſide of the *Amortiſſement* of the Gate with a Regularity of Symetry which charms the Sight.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

PORTA PIA.

By Michael Angelo Buonaroti.

THERE is no Gate of a Town, even over all *Italy*, that can compare with the PORTA PIA for Delicacy and Elegance of Architecture; it is of ſo ſurprizing a Lightneſs that it ſeems only to be made of Paper.

It has nothing for Ornament but a Feſtoon of Laurels iſſuing from two Volutes, and two Baſins mounted upon a Manipule hanging down of each ſide; for here it is that one may yet find that ſimple Character by which all the Works of great Authors are impreſſed; thus ſimple and light, but grand and majeſtick in its noble Simplicity, and delicate Lightneſs, it regales the Eyes with a Proſpect of Pomp and Magni-

Magnificence, tho' ſet off with two Ornaments only, but of a Guſto that makes us ſee it to be the Work of a Genius very much ſuperiour to that of ordinary Architects.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

A POMPEY.

An Antique Statue in the Palace Spada.

POMPEY has an Air ſo grand in this Statue, that there is no Perſon living but muſt think himſelf little in his Preſence, tho' it be but that of his Image. He has ſomething of I know not what Auguſt and Heroick which can only ſuit with the Maſter of the World. One cannot look upon this Statue but one muſt think it to be that of a Conqueror, a Hero, or an Emperor, only by the Majeſty of him it repreſents.

And tho' it muſt be own'd that the Statues of *Ceſar* and *Auguſtus*, which are now remaining, are alſo very beautiful, yet if one would place them near this, one

ſhould moſt certainly take them for the Officers of *Pompey*; ſo well has the Sculptor known how to give him the Air of a Maſter.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Paintings in the Church of Saint Sylvester

On Monte Cavallo.

The Assumption of the Holy Virgin over the Altar of our Lady's Chapel.

By Scipio Pulzone *Native of* Gaietta.

And

Some Paintings by Domenichino

In the ſame Chapel.

THE Holy Virgin, who is painted in this Piece with an Air the moſt ſweet and graceful in the World, ſeems to aſcend as one looks at her; and the Painter has given her an Attitude

ſo excellent, for an Aſſumption, that the more one ſtrives to look at her, the more one believes ſhe really aſcends.

The four Medaillons on the arched Roof of this Chapel are done by the Hand of the famous *Domenichino*.

In that of *Judith*, the two little Boys who look upon the Head of *Holophernes*, are two Maſterpieces for Expreſſion; and no Painter like himſelf ever knew how to paint Children after ſo finiſhed a Manner, as may be ſeen here as well as in his other Pieces; the Airs of their Heads, the Poſtures of their Bodies, a Promptitude of Movements, a Liberty of Geſtures, and Attitudes of Nature, a Simplicity, and Likeneſs which exceed every thing that others have done of their beſt in this kind, without excepting any one.

Eſther falling in a Swoon before *Aſſuerus*, is another Maſterpiece no leſs perfect; and never Swooning was better expreſſed, either by Paleneſs of Viſage, or by the Fall of her Body, which would viſibly come to the Ground were it not ſupported by her Women.

But *Domenichino*, in my Opinion, has made an inexcuſable Fault in the Medaillon or Circle, where he painted *David* dancing before the Ark, having put in the Retinue of that Holy King, a *Bacchanal* with

with her Timbrel advanced in the Air, and her Body half naked, preceding immediately the *Levites*, who carry the Ark with a Modeſty the moſt compoſed, and which makes the Impudence and Nudity of the other the more ridiculous.

PERSPECTIVES

IN THE ROOF OF THE SAM ƎCHURCH.

By Padre Mattheo Zaccolino *a* Theatin, *Native of* Ceſene *in* Romagna.

THE Cupola painted in Perſpective in the Roof over the Choir of this Church, is done with ſuch Artifice, that the beſt Eye is deceived. Unleſs Judgment corrects the Errors of the Eyes, one cannot help imagining, but that there is certainly a Cavity in that part of the Roof where this Cupola is painted, and yet it is all flat and plain.

One ſees near this Cupola a little Angel painted in the Arch, which begins the Vault of the Choir, than which never any Painting appeared to have more of a real Relief; this Angel ſeems to be entire-

ly ſeparated from the Roof, and to touch it only with his Head; Painting could never farther carry on Deception, nor was there ever Painter better underſtood Perſpective, and the Proportions of Light and Shade than Father *Zaccolino*, in the Opinion even of *Pouſſin*, whoſe Judgment ought to be of great Weight and Moment in ſuch Occaſions.

CHAP. XXXIV.

THE RUINES OF DIOCLESIAN'S BATHS, OF WHICH MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTI MADE THE CARTHUSIAN'S CHURCH AT TERMINI, THE CLOYSTERS OF THOSE FATHERS.

HERE, one remains in Suſpenſe between the Merit of the Ancients and that of the Moderns, and one does not know to whom to give the Preference.

On one ſide, the Grandeur of thoſe vaſt and ſpacious Halls of thoſe ancient Baths is beyond all modern Buildings of this Nature; as ſoon as one comes in, one believes one ſelf to be in ſome auguſt Temple, one is ſeized with I know not what Reſpect at the ſight of the Majeſty of thoſe proud Places, and moved with the ſame Sentiments with which one is ſtruck, entring ſome Baſilick or magnificent Cathedral. The Columns which ſupport the Vaults raiſed out of thoſe Baths, are the higheſt, the moſt beautiful, and moſt perfect we have left us by the Ancients; and one cannot think, without Aſtoniſhment, on the Capacity of thoſe Ages that produced ſuch ſtupendious Works.

On the other Hand, one remains equally ſeized with Surpriſe, when one conſiders the Genius of that excellent Architect, who knew how to make one of the fineſt Churches in the World out of theſe ancient Buildings; for *Michael Angelo*, by giving this Church the Form of a *Greek* Croſs, has in his Deſign ſo taken in, all thoſe old Ruins, that the leaſt Corner has ſome Proportion and Symmetry with the Body of the whole; one cannot ſee any thing more clear and perfect; ſo that one

one knows not which we ought moſt to admire, either the Ancients, which built ſuch vaſt and proud Edifices; or the modern Architect, who knew ſo well how to preſerve their Ruins, and out of ſo many different Pieces to form a Veſſel ſo Beautiful and Regular.

The Cloyſter of theſe Recluſes is alſo the Work of *Michael Angelo*; and there is not one in all *Italy* of a Deſign ſo elegant, neat, and pretty, tho' it is one of the greateſt that ever was. It is a Lightneſs of admirable Architecture. In the Galleries below, to the Garden ſide, it has nothing but ſmall Pillars, but ſo wonderfully delicate that theſe Galleries are as light as if they had none at all: Thoſe above, tho' cloſed, are however towards the Garden pierced with ſo many Windows, that they are as light as if they were quite open. Theſe Windows are of an half oblong Square, but formed in ſuch a Manner, that their Extremity makes a kind of Creſcent, which ſeems as it were willing to embrace the neighbouring Oval, which produces a very agreeable Effect to the Eye.

This Gallery is all covered over with the fineſt Prints in *Europe*, ranged with

the greateſt Judgment; and there is no Place in the World where one can amuſe one ſelf more agreeably and with greater Profit.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

TIVOLI

AND WHAT LIES MOST BEAUTIFUL ABOUT IT,

As well Antique as Modern.

ONE does not know what is moſt Beautiful at *Tivoli*, when one has only entred the Town and ſeen the famous Caſcade that the *Tiber* makes at the Bridge, tho' Strangers hardly ſee any thing elſe when they come thither.

To ſee the greateſt Beauties of this Place ſo much boaſted of by the Ancients, one muſt view them from that ſide where ſtands the Convent of the Friers of the third Order of Saint *Francis*, between

which and *Tivoli* is the Valley where the *Tiber* runs.

There you have before you the Town of *Tivoli*, ſituated upon a great Number of little Hills heapt together, which riſe in an Amphi-theatre: On your left Hand you ſee the *Tyber* precipitating from the Top of the *Sabine* Mountains, falling into a Gulph where it loſes it ſelf; and at ſome little diſtance iſſues out of a great Cavern, where it breaks with ſuch Violence againſt the Rocks which it is full of, that the Water ſprinkling in millions of Drops, appears like agitated Smoke, in ſuch manner, that the ſmoking Mouth of this Cavern reſembles rather a flaming Furnace than a Grotto full of Water. The *Tyber* loſing it ſelf again under the Rocks, comes out a Moment after impetuous and rapid; and bounding thro' a winding Channel, rolls like a Torrent along the Valley, in which of a ſudden it becomes a quiet calm River, and thus runs over the Plain, which one ſees on the right Hand.

On the left is a Theatre cloſed with Mountains that reach the Clouds, and continually enlarging themſelves towards the Valley, open themſelves all at once, and diſcover the whole Campania of *Rome* even to the Sea, that is, a Plain of immenſe extent,

extent, with a Horizon that runs quite out of ſight.

This is what one ſees both on right and left; and before you you have a wonderful little Hill, from the ſide of which the Water which is turned from the *Tyber* for the Pleaſure-houſes of the Town iſſues out as from ſo many Creviſes, making a thouſand Boundings and Caſcades; which at laſt fall into the bottom of the Valley and rejoyn the *Tyber* whence they were ſeparated.

This little Hill is all covered with a Green, diverſified with a hundred kinds of Greens quite different one from the other; as Vines, Meadows, Olives, Furze, ſome light and others dark and obſcure, which like ſo many Compartments make of this Place a Scene of a charming Decoration; and the whole looks like a Theatre expreſſly made to ſhew to the Eye after a very agreeable Manner, the Town of *Tivoli* which is above it, and behind which one ſees a great Number of little Mountains riſing one above another, and all covered with green Trees, making as it were a Crown, which renders it one of the moſt agreeable Proſpects in the World.

All the Beauties of Nature ſeem to be collected and united here. Where one ſees cultivated Fields, a Deſert, Houſes,

rapid Torrents, a ſmooth and quiet River; Craggs and frightful Places, little Hills of ſoft and eaſie aſcent, dry and barren Rocks, Mountains; a Plain, a Town, a delicious Coteau all covered with Caſcades, whoſe ſilver Waters produce a wonderful Effect in mingling themſelves over an infinity of green and yellow Carpet, which they equally cut after the moſt agreeable manner in the World; ſo that certainly no Painter ever made any Landſkip of a pure Imagination ſo Beautiful as this is in reality.

And to add more to its Delights, the Place where one contemplates all theſe is covered with Thyme, Mint, Palm, Broom, Roſemary, and a hundred other kinds of odoriferous Herbs and Plants, which not only perfume the Air with enchanting Odours, but make it ſo healthful, that as ſoon as one begins to reſpire, the Stomach immediately perceives its Virtue, and finds it ſelf comforted in a Moment.

After all this, one muſt not wonder that the ancient *Romans* ſo much boaſted of the Healthfulneſs of the Air, and that they believed it ſo proper to conſerve Health and prolong Life, that it was grown a Proverb amongſt them to ſay, *When our Hour*

Hour is come, one dies every where, even at Tivoli *.

But to frame a true Judgment of the Agreeableneſs of this Place ſo much celebrated, one muſt be, as I juſt now ſaid, upon the Coteau, on which is ſituated at preſent the Convent of the Fathers of the third Order of St. *Francis*. This made *Horace* and *Catullus*, who had both an exquiſite Taſte in Pleaſure, make Choice of this Place for the Situation of their Houſes of Pleaſure, and which, in reality they had there.

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* *Nullo fata loco poſſis excludere, cum Mors venerit in medio Tibure Sardinia* † *eſt.* Mart Ep. l. 4.

† The Air of *Sardinia* was thought to be the moſt unwholſome in the World.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

The Pleasure House of the Emperor Adrian,

Commonly call'd

La Villa Adriana.

THIS Emperor was as voluptuous as learned, of an universal Erudition, of an exquisite Taste for Pleasures, of great Ability, curious, delicate and polite; he was a Philosopher and Poet, and his Genius was enriched with all the Lights that a thorough Knowledge of the *belle Lettere* could bestow.

He travelled over all Parts of the Earth that were known in his Time, and being at last resolved to take up his Residence at *Rome*, and pass the remainder of his Life in

his Houſe of Pleaſure he had at *Tivoli*, he propoſed to unite what he had ſeen moſt beautiful in *Greece*, *Egypt*, *Aſia*, and the other Countries where he had travelled, that he might have no Regret by thinking on thoſe Places that he had travelled over.

The Situation of this Houſe of Pleaſure was altogether favourable to this great Undertaking, for it is a Place the moſt even, and of the greateſt Extent that one ſees amongſt the Coteaux that are at the Declenſion of the Mountains of *Tivoli*, ſo that he might very commodiouſly have erected all kinds of Buildings he had thought fit.

It was in this Place then, that beſides his vaſt and magnificent Palace, Apartments for all his Court, Places for his Guards, Equerries, Riding-Houſes, and Courts, he cauſed a Circus to be made for Races, a *Naumachium* for Sea Fights, a Theatre for Spectacles, an Amphitheatre for Combats of Wreſtlers, hot and cold Baths, ſhady Walks from the Sun, Porticos to ſhelter from the Rain, Woods for Hunting, Lakes for Fiſh, and a Seraglio for himſelf; Places of Pleaſure for others, Places for ſacrificing to the Gods, others again for Work and Study, Temples, Libraries, little Woods, Fiborets, Grottos,

Grottos, Fountains, a *Lyceum*, a *Prytaneum*, an Academy as at *Athens*, a delicious Valley like the famous Tempe in *Theſſaly*, *Elyſian Fields*, and in general all ſorts of Places agreeable and commodious for Study, Pleaſure, and all ſorts of Exerciſe. All this built upon a ſurprizing Solidity, and enrich'd with Ornaments ſo magnificent, that the only Remains of this vaſt and proud Collection of Buildings gives us a greater Idea of the Roman Magnificence and Grandeur than what one elſewhere ſees in the whole World.

It was here that this Emperor conſulted with his Miniſters, philoſophiſed with Stoicks and Platonicks *, and plunged himſelf into all ſorts of Pleaſures with his Miſtreſſes: Here he thought to end his Days, but falling into an incurable Diſtemper his Phyſicians adviſed him to change the Air, and go to *Baiæ* in the Campania, where deſpairing of recovering his former Health, he died.

The Emperors his Succeſſors deſpoiled this fine Houſe of its Statues, Columns, Jaſpers, and Agates with which it was embeliſhed, to adorn their Palaces and Baths:

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* *Epictetus* the Stoick, and *Numenius* the Platonick, whom he cauſed to come to him from *Rome*.

However,

However, one yet ſees magnificent Galleries, and Salons of an aſtoniſhing Largeneſs and Height, all incruſted with Stucco as white as if it had been juſt laid on with Medaillons and wonderful Compartments.

But that which even frightens one, is the Thickneſs and Solidity of the Walls and Vaults, for one cannot conceive how one Man only could find time enough to raiſe ſuch a prodigious Quantity of Buildings ſo thick and ſolid, if one did not reflect that the Roman Emperors had Millions of Slaves who only coſt them their Dyet, and whom they made labour under ſevere Correction with Bread and Water: Thus indeed we ſhall comprehend how the antient *Romans* could, in ſo little a time, cauſe their Baths to be made, their Aqueducts, their Highways, and all thoſe aſtoniſhing Works, of which one dare not form ſo much as an Undertaking in theſe Ages.

The CASCADE *at the Bridges.*

THE greateſt Beauty of this Caſcade is the falling of the *Tyber*, whoſe Waters all of them tumble from its Bed into a Gulph by one Nape only, but very large, and the moſt regular and perfect that ever was. As to the boyling up of the Wate

Water, and its breaking againſt the Rocks on which it falls, it's certain that the Caſcade of *Terni* *, which falls much higher, is infinitely beyond this, and has ſomething in it more frightfully beautiful.

THE PLEASURE-HOUSE OF MÆCENAS.

NEver any thing had a more beautiful Situation than the Pleaſure-Houſe of *Mæcenas*, of which one ſees yet the Remains: It was ſituated on the firſt Coteau, which faces the Plain, and preſents it ſelf to the Sight as we come from *Rome* to *Tivoli*; being there elevated on high vaulted Teraſſes, and ſeveral Stories one above another, it commands the whole Plain; and one there diſcovers, with a Sight entirely free and at Liberty on all Sides, an immenſe Extent of the Campania of *Rome*. This was plainly ſeen from the Vaults of the Terraſſes, and thoſe of the Houſes, which ſubſiſt to this very Day.

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* Forty five Miles from *Rome*, in *Umbria*.

CHAP. XXXIX.

CHRIST TAKEN DOWN FROM THE CROSS.

A PICTURE IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA TRINITA DEL MONTE.

By Daniel Ricciarelli, *Native of* Volterra *in* Tuſcany.

THIS Picture is one of the three that *Pouſſin* thought the moſt beautiful in *Rome*, and which are the Transfiguration of *Raphael Urbin* at *San Pietro Montorio*, the St. *Jerom* of *Domenichino*, in the Church of *Santo Hieronymo della Carita:* or, St. *Jerom* of the Charity, near the Piazza of *Farneſe*; both which we have already

already deſcribed in their proper Place, And this, which is in the *French* Minimes Church *della Trinita del Monte*, or that of the holy Trinity of the Mount.

This is one of thoſe Maſterpieces of Painting, the Beauty of which ſtrikes even the groſſeſt Minds; but this Picture has this peculiar in it, that it does not look like one, for it is in Freſco painted over an Altar of a Chapel, and which takes up the whole Wall. Mount *Calvary* is the Ground which is from the Level of the Altar; the Crucifix is raiſed upon this Mountain, and there is nothing above the Croſs but a large Sky; ſo that there being no Shades, as in other Pieces, which make the Ground of the Picture, it does not ſeem to be one. On the contrary, one imagines by looking on it, that one is actually with theſe Perſons that compoſe it, and on the ſame Ground, and under the ſame Sky.

Magdalene, and the *Maries* who preſs near the holy Virgin, who ſtoop down to comfort her, appear ſtanding out of the Wall; one thinks one hears them ſpeak, act, move, and walk; one believes the holy Virgin to be actually at the Foot of the Croſs as well as they; ſhe looks as if ſhe was between them and us, and that we all make but one Groupe of living Perſons employed

employed in the ſame Action, and full of the ſame Thoughts at the View of the ſame Object; for the Painter has ſo well diſpoſed all theſe Figures, that thoſe who look upon this Work of his imagine to make themſelves a Party, that they are intereſted in the Action, that they have the ſame Sentiments: In ſhort, that they finiſh the Picture in Conjunction with thoſe other Perſons therein repreſented.

One might admire a hundred different Actions of the Executioner; but that of him who is above on the Top of the Croſs, and who lets go the Body of JESUS CHRIST into the Arms of his Companion who ſtands below to receive it, is incomparable: He ſeems to ſpeak to him, and bid him take care to hold it ſince he has let it go: This Executioner only ſtretches out his Hand at length from the Top of the Croſs even to the Arms of JESUS CHRIST; and if this Picture had been the Work of an ordinary Painter, one could not tell whether this Jew advances his Arm to take hold of that of JESUS CHRIST, or whether he has juſt drawn it a little back in letting him go; but here this Action is no way doubtful, and one plainly ſees that this Man lets him go, and recommends his Companion to hold him up.

The

The Colouring of this Picture is one of the moſt beautiful things we can ſee: The Habits of *Magdalene*, and thoſe of the *Maries* charm the Eye; *Ceruſe*, *Lake*, and *Ultramarine* form a Mixture of Colours equally ſoft and lively, the admirable Variety of which has ſomething in it enchanting; and the whole Work, tho' in Freſco, is as ſoft and eaſy as the fineſt Pictures painted in Oyl.

CHAP.

CHAP. XL.

Pieces of Painting in the Palace of the Vatican.

The Battel of Constantine against Maxentius,

In the Hall of Constantine,

By Raphael Urbin.

ONE need only to open our Eyes to be charmed with this Battel, which was deſigned by the great *Raphael Urbin*, and painted by *Julio Romano*, the moſt illuſtrious of all his Scholars; as it is a Piece of the moſt magnificent Freſco in the World, ſo, in the Judgment of the beſt

beſt Connoiſſeurs, it is the moſt excellent and moſt perfect.

It has the greateſt Extent of Ground that ever was formed in a Picture, and at the ſame time the moſt varied and moſt agreeable; it is the moſt numerous Army, the moſt beautiful Order of Battel, and the vaſteſt Field that ever was painted; a Multiplicity of infinite Figures, yet without the leaſt Confuſion; a prodigious Quantity of particular Engagements, without any thing repeated; an innumerable Number, if one may ſay ſo, of People fighting both a Horſeback and on Foot on the Land or in the Water, with all different Attitudes; a thouſand Groupes diſtributed with admirable Order; all the Expreſſions of which are diverſified with a Fecundity of an aſtoniſhing Genius, Diſtances of immenſe Space, with Degradations of Colour, Light and Shade, which efface, by little and little, the Objects in Proportion to their Diſtance; a Softneſs of Painting, where the Freſco yields not in the leaſt to Oyl, a Colouring lively and enchanting.

I could take a great deal of Pleaſure here in giving my ſelf up entirely to the Temptation I have of entring into a Detail of this great Work, as much perſuaded as I am that this Undertaking is a-

above my Power; to deſcribe all the different ſorts of Arms, defenſive and offenſive of ſo many Nations, one ſees in the Armies of *Conſtantine* and *Maxentias*; for the Soldiers are differently armed, with Pikes, Launces, Javelins, Bows, Arrows, Darts, Sabres, Swords, Poniards, according to the Uſage of their reſpective Countries, and agreeable to their Employ.

How many ſorts of Shields? long; round, flat, convex? ſome ſhaped like a Heart, ſome ovale; theſe like Cartouches, and others again in an Infinity of other Antique Figures for which we have no Name.

How many ſorts of Corſelets? ſome of Mail, ſome of little Scales, others again of Iron, Steel, Leather, and Horn?

What Variety in the Ornaments of their Helmets; ſome with Horſe Tails, Tufts of Flowers, Plumes, Creſts, Foliage, Dragons, Sphynxes, Beaſts Muzzles, Maſques, and a hundred Groteſques?

How many different Enſigns, beſides the famous *Labarum** of Eagles, Dragons,

* A particular Enſign of the Emperor, in the form of a Banner, which never appeared but when he was himſelf

gons, Hands of Juſtice, Images of the Sun and Moon, and of the Prince himſelf?

How many different ſorts of Trumpets, ſome ſtrait, others twiſted like Hunting-Horns? for never any Painter, except *Pouſſin*, ever knew how to make ſo learned and judicious an Obſervation of this part of Painting, which they call Coſtume, as *Raphael*, in all theſe.

But the Detail of what is ſingular in this immenſe Work, would let me to an Infinity of Obſervations, for which Reaſon I ſhall content my ſelf to ſay in general, that every thing here is alive, moves, acts, and fights, but with a Heat and Fire which even moves and heats the Spectators, who cannot with cool Blood look on ſo many Actions ſo lively, and ſo hot an Engagement. There one ſees broken Swords and Launces, gaping Wounds, Streams of Blood, Deſpair, Rage, and Death, under all the different Forms ſhe can preſent her ſelf in the moſt furious Battels, and moſt dreadful Slaughter: *Conſtantine* appears with an Air of Grandeur worthy

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himſelf in the Field: It was of a Purple Colour. *Conſtantine* put a Croſs on the Top of it, as well as over the Roman Eagles, and every other Enſign in his Army.

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the greateſt Conqueror of the World: And, in ſhort, *Raphael* knew how to give ſuch Life and Motion to his Figures by the means of flying Colours, Trumpets lifted up in the Air, Launces and Swords every where claſhing againſt each other, that there is ſcarce any Work of this Character that does not, if compared to this, look cold and languid.

THE LAST JUDGMENT,

AND OTHER PAINTINGS IN THE CHAPEL OF St. SIXTUS.

By MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTI.

ONE cannot ſee the Judgment of *Michael Angelo*, and other things in this great Chapel, but ſtruck with the powerful Expreſſions of this Painter, one muſt, at the ſame time, judge that no one ever equall'd him for the Strength of Deſign.

All the Bodies are nervous, muſcular, and in ſuch Attitudes, which do not contribute leſs to ſhew their Force and Vigour than thoſe Nerves and Muſcles. This Strength is expreſſed with ſo much Energy, that tho' they are Bodies no larger

than the Life, one imagines that one ſees as many Giants as there are Men.

On the other Hand, the Elevation of the Thoughts; the Nobleneſs of the Figures; thoſe Airs of the Head, ſo beautiful and ſo full of Fire; that Guſto of Deſign, ſo grand, ſo ſevere, ſo terrible; the Equilibrium and Ponderation of Bodies ſo well placed in a firm Poſition upon their Plane, and their Centre of Gravity; their Muſcles throwing themſelves out by the Extenſion of ſome Members; or ſwelling themſelves up again when a contrary Movement makes them retire and become more articulate, in Proportion to the Efforts made by the different Parts of theſe Bodies; their Origin, Inſertion, Action, and every thing that regards the Connection of the Movement; the Offices of theſe Muſcles, the Diviſion of the Veins; the Poſition of the Members, the joyning of the Bones; that profound Knowledge of Anatomy, and all its Parts, which *Michael Angelo* was in ſo high a Degree Maſter of, are here carried to ſuch a Point of Perfection, that the Paintings only of this Chapel, while they ſubſiſt, will be an inexhauſtible Source of Diſcoveries for thoſe who would fathom the Depth of the Art of Painting; and that if the Science of Deſigning ſhould be loſt throughout

out the whole World beſides, one ſhould find it here again entirely, in the Multiplicity of an almoſt Infinity of Poſtures and Attitudes, into which this excellent Painter has thrown human Bodies.

I think I ſhould ſay nothing of the laſt Judgment, the Prints that have been made of it have diſpers'd it all the World over: but one ought to be ſatisfied that they give a juſt Idea of it, and ſhould know what this Piece is after having ſeen them: The largeſt of theſe Prints are, at moſt, only three or four Sheets of Paper, and yet there are ſome Bodies in the Picture larger than all that. This Work fills up entirely a whole Wall forty or fifty Foot broad, and as high as the Roof of a very great Church, ſo that the ſeeing of this Piece of Painting gives one an Idea ſo different from what one has from the Prints, that tho' one has had them one's Lifelong continually before one, yet on ſeeing the Original, one is ſurpriz'd and aſtoniſh'd as at a thing of the greateſt Novelty in the World.

I ſhall add to this a Beauty, of which the Prints could never give any one an Idea; and that is the Colouring of the Daylight, which repreſents a Light of the World after its Deſtruction, and which cannot in any manner appear in a Print

where there is nothing but black and white: However, this is one of the greateſt Beauties of this Maſterpiece of Painting; it is one of the things that is expreſſed with the greateſt Art, and ſtrikes one the moſt.

This Light, which *Michael Angelo* ſuppoſes muſt continue upon the Earth after the Deſtruction of the Sun and Stars, reſembles nothing of that of our Days or Nights, the Light of the Sun or Moon, but is, I know not how, a Mixture of half clear, half obſcure, of white and blue, of which I can give no Idea, but only in ſaying that it is ſomewhat approaching that State the Air is in during an Eclipſe of the Sun or Moon, in which the Genius of *Michael Angelo* is admirable; for as the Light of the Sun ſhall be extinguiſh'd at the end of the World, and that nevertheleſs there muſt ſome Light remain upon the Earth to make Bodies viſible, *Michael Angelo* could never have made a better to repreſent this Light, than to paint it like that one ſees when the Sun or Moon ſuffers an Eclipſe; for it is certain there is a Light in the Air at thoſe times, but then it is an obſcure and an extinguiſh'd Light, which, at moſt, can only ſerve to make us diſtinguiſh the ſeveral Figures of Bodies without letting us ſee

their

their different Colours, and which even tinges all Objects with its own pale leaden Colour; and it is juſt this ſort of Colouring, and this bluiſh pale Light which *Michael Angelo* has made choice of to make us ſee thoſe Bodies which ſhall be upon the Surface of the Earth at the Day of the laſt Judgment.

When one ſees at *Rome* the grand and magnificent Works of Architecture of *Michael Angelo*, and his excellent Pieces of Sculpture, and ſome little Paintings of his which we find in the Cabinets of the Curious, one is ſufficiently convinced that he was the greateſt Architect, and the moſt able Sculptor of latter Ages; but one does not believe him to have been one of the beſt Painters of the World: However, let any one come and ſee this Chapel, and certainly they will doubt whether *Raphael Urbin* himſelf, the great *Raphael*, was a greater Painter than he.

CHAP. XLI.

Pieces of Sculpture in the same Palace.

Antinous and Apollo,

Antique Statues,

In the Court of Belvedere.

I Join these two Statues in the same Description, because *Antinous* and *Apollo* are represented near about the same Age, and as being two of the most beautiful Bodies of a Man that ever was made; but the Airs that the Sculptors have given them are so different, that tho' *Antinous* may perhaps be the more regular, *Apollo* will always appear like a God in Comparison of him, by that majestick and divine Air which the Statuary knew so well how to give him; for it is very true, that whatever Idea one has of the Perfection of Sculpture, whatsoever Masterpieces one

has seen in that Art, whatever Notion one can form to one self after having heard the most advantageous Descriptions of this Statue, all falls short of the Reality, and one is always surprized at the first Sight of it; and one is no longer astonished that the Pagans adored these kinds of Images, in which all the World finds so many Characters which appear to have something really above Humanity: This has in it a Beauty full of Lineaments sensibly divine, which charm the Men as well as the Women.

It is truly the Body of a Man, but one plainly sees that never is, nor yet was a Man so well made; and one is persuaded that if the Gods are corporeal Essences they are certainly formed like *Apollo*, not only in respect of the Proportions of the Body so just and regular, but yet more on Account of the Attitude and Air of his Person; for never was seen in any Man, any Hero, an Air so noble and so grand as what the Sculptor has given this incomparable Statue.

Antinous is at least as well proportion'd, and may be the Body of a Man more perfect than that of *Apollo*; but with all this, he has nothing in him but what is natural, and of the Man; it is the most beautiful young Man of the World, but it is

ſtill a Man; whereas *Apollo*, by his Air of Grandeur, raviſhes you, and penetrates your Soul, and makes you perceive ſuch Traces and Splendors of a Majeſty more than human which flows, if I may be permitted the Expreſſion, all around him.

What Genius muſt that of the Antients have been, who by the Air they give their Statues, make us know, according as they pleaſe, a Man, a Hero, a God, a Demi-god!

Antinous, with the moſt beautiful Body of the World, appears always a Man; and *Apollo*, a Body leſs regularly formed, will appear always a God, the God even of *Antinous!* His Shape, his Port, his Air, his Attitude ſhews ſomewhat ſo divinely beautiful, that every thing muſt yield to it, even the very Idea that every one has of Beauty; an Idea which is ſo perfect in the Imagination of all Men, and which makes them ſo delicate and ſo difficult! Let any one go and ſee *Apollo*, and he will own, that by all the Ideas he has formed to himſelf of the Beauty of a Man the moſt perfect, that he never could figure out one ſo beautiful as what he ſees in looking on this Statue.

Let the fair Sex approach to view him, and let them ſpeak if they do not believe he has the Countenance of a God; and if all

all the fine Images they ever form'd of the Beauties of Men are not very ſhort of what this Statue preſents them with.

It would take up an Infinity of Time to enter into the Detail of the different Parts of the Body; in which one ſhould find a thouſand exquiſite Beauties if one were to examine every one in particular.

What Beauty, for Example, is that of this *Apollo*'s Hand? Who could ever have imagin'd that a Man's Hand could be ſo fine? Is there ever any one in the World that ever had in his Mind the Idea of ſuch a kind of Beauty? Had the fineſt Woman in the World ever a Hand ſo beautiful? It is not, however, a Woman's Hand, which one might make as delicate as one pleaſes: It is really a Man's Hand and Fingers by their Shape and Largeneſs: However, never was ſeen any thing in the World ſo beautiful, and no Spectator but what muſt be aſtoniſh'd, charm'd, enchanted.

I ſay, nothing of the Lightneſs of this Statue, which ſeems to ſwim in the Air, and touch nothing of the Earth: I enter into none of thoſe Particulars where one would find infinite Beauties to admire; for the Air of that God is ſo grand, and captivates the Soul and Imagination, that one knows not how almoſt to look at any thing elſe in this incomparable Figure.

Laocoon and his Sons.

An Antique Groupe in the same Court of the Garden of Belvedere.

By Ageſander, Polydorus, *and* Athenedorus, *Natives of the Iſle of* Rhodes,

THIS Groupe has ever paſt, even in the moſt flouriſhing Ages of Sculpture, for a Maſterpiece of Art, as we learn from the Ancients*, who ſaw it when it made one of the principal Ornaments of the Baths of *Titus* the Roman Emperor. *Laocoon*, that famous Prieſt of *Apollo*, with his two Sons, one on each Side, all three entwined by a hideous Serpent, which with a great many Circles twiſts himſelf round their Bodies.

It was at that time certainly look'd upon as a Maſter Stroke of Sculpture, to have made out of the ſame Piece of Marble three Statues ſo well ſeparated from each other, with ſo different Attitudes;

Laocoon qui eſt in Titi Imperatoris domo, opus omnibus & picturæ & Artis præferendum, fecere ſummi Artifices *Ageſander*, *Polydorus*, & *Athenedorus Rhodii*. C. Plinii ſecundi Nat. Hiſt. C. 25.

but

but to have known, by ſeparating theſe Figures, how to produce alſo, in the ſame Marble, a Serpent whoſe Body muſt neceſſarily be partly in the void Spaces between the Statue, where he makes ſeveral redoubled Folds one within another, and twiſts round the Body of the Father and Sons, What Art muſt this have been! What ſurpriſing Induſtry!

The Strength which the Sculptor has given this Serpent that ſo vigorouſly enfolds theſe three Men, from which we ſee they cannot diſengage themſelves with all their Power, is alſo the Workmanſhip of a very ſkilful Hand.

The Violence of their Efforts, and of the Anguiſh which *Laocoon* ſuffers, appears over all his Body, even to the Extremity of his Feet, where the contracted Toes retire, and cauſe all his Muſcles to ſwell as if they would ſtart out of the Fleſh. The Contorſion of all his Members is a wonderful Attitude, which evidently ſhews all the Parts of this Body, which is, perhaps, the moſt perfect piece of Antiquity now in being.

But the Anguiſh, the Struggles, and the Deſpair of *Laocoon*, appear yet more in his Air; his Face is all writhed up with Pain, not a Finger's breadth lies ſmooth, all the different Parts are equally in Folds, there is nothing elſe to be ſeen: but they are Folds contorted

torted and diſpoſed according to all the Movements the Muſcles give to the Skin of a Man's Face that ſuffers the moſt deſperate Torture; and tho' the whole Figure be of the ſame Marble, the Face notwithſtanding ſeems to be ſomewhat paler than the reſt of the Body; the Approaches of Death making one ſee, even in that fading Complexion, I know not what of a pallid mortal white.

In fine, the more one looks on *Laocoon*, the more one thinks every Vein appears ſwoln to the Sight, by the Strength of the Poyſon which is already diffuſed over all the Veſſels; that the Muſcles ſwell, the Arteries beat with impetuous Motion, and that one ſees all the Signs of a violent Poyſon which has poſſeſſed the moſt inward Parts of the Body.

Virgil * has given an admirable Deſcription of this wretched Father in ſo miſerable a Condition; and one muſt be void of all Sentiments of common Tenderneſs and Compaſſion not to be touch'd with the moving Expreſſions of that immortal Poet; but one muſt be quite inſenſible not to ſhudder at the Sight of this incomparable Piece of Sculpture, which, at firſt View, muſt affect a Mind even the moſt barbarous and inhuman with unſpeakable Amazement, chilling Horrors, and unbounded Compaſſion.

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* Æneid. lib. 2^d.

Venus and Cupid.

An Antique Groupe

In the ſame Court.

ONE would admire the fine Drapery of this *Venus*, if one could admire any Drapery after one has ſeen that of *Flora* in the Palace *Farneſe*, of which we have already given a Deſcription; but what a Maſterpiece is *Cupid* who ſtands by her! It is not Marble, it is real Fleſh; and how admirably well formed is that little Body! what Regularity, what Proportions, and what Genius of Sculpture was that which made this little Figure!

A Sculptor of an ordinary Genius, knowing *Cupid* to be a Child, would know no otherwiſe than to make him a Child if he was to repreſent him: He would make a little plump Body, with Limbs not quite form'd, with Arms and Legs, as all Children have, prodigiouſly ſhort and thick, in Proportion to the reſt of the Body: But a Genius above the common thinks, that tho' *Cupid* be an Infant, he is alſo a God, a God who never grows, and whoſe Limbs, of Conſequence, ought to be as well formed as thoſe of a full grown Man: Such was the Sculptor of this Piece; he

he made his *Cupid* after this Manner; and the Eyes are charm'd in ſeeing, in little, a Man's Body perfectly well formed; for neither *Apollo* nor *Antinous* are Bodies more regular or more perfect than *Cupid* is, which in Relation to them, is as a Piece of Miniature, in Relation to a large Piece of Painting in Oyl.

A SHIP,

THE COLOURS AND SAILS OF WHICH ARE MADE OF WATERWORKS:

In the Garden of Belvedere.

THis little Veſſel floats upon the Water in a great Baſin; it is made of Iron, and perfectly well compoſed of abundance of little Pieces.

The Sails are of white Iron, (which we corruptly enough call Tin) but of an extraordinary Whiteneſs, and furled; but when the Cock is turned, there iſſues out of theſe Sails an Infinity of little Streams, very thin and fine, which being joined cloſe together, form Sheets of Water which perfectly reſemble Sails: For theſe little Fibres of Water iſſuing with a great deal of Rapidity, whiten like Foam, and imitate exactly the Colour of Canvas; ſo that when they begin to play, it looks

as

as if theſe furled Sails of Tin unfolded and extended themſelves, and that it was the Wind that ſwelled them up; all is owing to the Diſpoſition of the Pipes.

There are at leaſt five hundred of theſe little Water-Courſes employed in the Sails, and in the Enſigns, and other Colours.

The Canons of this Veſſel, which employ as many in Number, have this pretty Effect, that the Water comes out with ſuch a Noiſe as reſembles that produced with Powder in Canons of that ſize, ſo that one fancies one hears continual Firing. It is certainly one of the fineſt Pieces that can be ſeen in Hydraulick Machinery; nothing is more ingeniouſly imagined: And I think one cannot find in any place of the World a Fountain playing with an Invention more novel and more agreeable.

CHAP. XLII.

FIGURES,

REPRESENTING DIFFERENT SORTS OF ANIMALS IN SEVERAL PALACES AND VILLAS OF ROME.

Antiques.

IF one collected all the Antique Figures of Animals that one ſees in the Palaces and Villas of *Rome*, it would certainly be one of the fineſt Sights in the Univerſe; the Eagle of the *Villa Matthei*, the Lion of the *Villa Medicis*, the wild Boar, and the mad Wolf of the *Villa Borgheſe*, the Bear of the Fountain at *Termini*, the Peacocks of the *Belvedere* in the *Vatican*, the Goat in the Palace *Juſtiniani*, and the other Works of this Nature; all theſe together would form a ſecond

cond Nature as beautiful as the firſt, when firſt created; for theſe Maſterpieces are Copies more perfect than the Originals themſelves: Nay Brutes in the Original, ſuch as we ſee now-a-days, are not ſo beautiful as theſe Figures, which notwithſtanding were made after their Model; ſo that I ſhall not be afraid to ſay that theſe excellent Antiques might ſerve as a Model to form anew all theſe Species if they ſhould be deſtroyed, and there wanted one to form them by. The Eagle really flies, the Lion roars, the wild Boar threatens, the Wolf devours with his Eyes all that ſurrounds him; the Bear ſleeps, but with a Sleep altogether frightful, the Peacocks pride themſelves, and the Goat, tho' he ſeems to be in ſuch a brown Study with his rueful Figure, is notwithſtanding ſo lively, and full of ſo much Spirit, that this ſeems to be an Effect of his looking ſo ſtedfaſtly at thoſe who are before him, and that therefore ſtops and is immoveable.

What Art is this which can give ſo much Life and Movement to Braſs, Stone, and Marble?

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIII.

A MIRMILLON *.

An Antique Statue formerly in the Villa Ludoviſio.

ONE can only ſee Copies of this excellent Statue, which is one of the ſeven chief Pieces in the World; Prince *Odeſcalchi* who bought it of the late Prince *Ludoviſio* keeping it ſo cloſe that no one whoſoever can ſee it.

The Moment that a wounded Man is ready to expire can never be better ſeen than in a Man who is really going to give up the Ghoſt, as one ſees in this Statue. This poor Wretch, as much exhauſted of Strength by Effuſion of Blood, as thro'

* The *Mermillons* were a ſort of *Gladiators* armed like the *Gauls*, who fought generally againſt thoſe called *Retiarii*.

the

the Fatigue of ſucceſſive Combats, is no longer to have any Life; but the Moment one looks at him, Death already is all painted in his Air: and his Lips, which begin to approach each other, ſeem only to attend the laſt Gaſp; his Mouth, as well as his Eyes, is going to cloſe for ever, and his Body falling for its laſt.

I ſhall ſay no more, but that as I have ſeen only a Copy of this famous Statue, I doubt not but thoſe who ſhall ſee the Statue it ſelf, will find, I ſay, but very little on this Subject: However, I think it is a great deal for a Copy, having never ſeen any, in any Place in the World, eſpecially of thoſe Miracles of Antiquity, which was not much inferiour to the Originals; ſo that when one comes to ſee them, they appear entirely new Pieces, where one finds a thouſand Beauties of a Character never to be copied. In comparing thus the Copy with the Original, one may judge what Prodigy this is by the little I have ſaid of it.

But on Sight of theſe wonderful Pieces of Sculpture, what ſhall we ſay of thoſe incomparable Maſters of Art, thoſe divine Men who have left them to us? What Art, what Genius, what Expreſſions are theſe of our antient Statuaries? Life, Death, Agony, Suſpenſion of Life, the Image of Death, this is yet nothing; but the Image of thoſe States

neither

neither of Life, Death, nor Agony, as in *Niobe*, who is neither living nor dead, dying nor petrified; feigned Sleep, a natural Sleep, as in the Faune at the Palace *Barberini*; a drunken Sleep, as in the *Silenus* of *Ludoviſio*; Reverie in the Figure of Mount *Palatin*; Laſſitude in the *Hercules* of *Farneſe*; Agony in the *Seneca* of *Borgheſe*. In fine, the Moment of Expiration, and the laſt Gaſp, as in this Mirmillon.

When they join two Statues together, one immediately knows what they deſign'd to expreſs; there is no Occaſion of any Interpreter, one ſees at firſt what they would do, and hear what they would ſay. When one looks upon *Brutus* and *Portia* in the *Villa Matthei*, one plainly ſees it is conjugal Love they would repreſent by this Groupe, and can it be expreſſed by Attitudes and Airs of a Union more chaſt and intimate? There one ſees Fidelity, Confidence, Candor, and, if I may be permitted the Term, even the Identity of two Perſons, which make only one by conjugal Love.

One need only caſt one's Eyes on that other Groupe of two great Figures in the *Villa Ludoviſio*, to know that it is Friendſhip they would there figure out; for do we not ſee, at firſt View, that theſe two Perſons have only one Heart? Can true Fidelity,

Fidelity, Simplicity, and cordial Affection be better expreſſed?

I ſay nothing of unlawful Love, ſo well repreſented in the Groupe of *Fauſtina* and her Gladiator in the *Villa Borgheſe*; for it is not a hard Matter to form Images of this Love and its Sallies, more than thoſe of other violent Paſſions? But what I admire in the Antients is, that they knew, in ſuch a lively Manner, Paſſions ſo temperate and ſo modeſt as Friendſhip and conjugal Love; of Virtues ſo calm as Fidelity and Concord; ſimple Sentiments of the Soul, rather than Paſſions and Virtues, as Repoſe and Peace; in fine, States ſo mute as Reverie and Silence: For what Force of Expreſſion muſt not be imprinted in Statues of Braſs and Marble to make them repreſent things ſo ſimple and eaſy as this, by the only Attitude they give them! However, this is what the Sculptors of antient *Greece* and *Rome* knew how to effect.

Tho' I propoſed to write only of the Works of Rome, *the* Lucretia *of* Guido, *which I ſaw at* Genoa, *has ſomething ſo ſingularly beautiful, that I cannot help ſpeaking two or three Words of it, and ſo conclude.*

A Lucretia.

A Picture at Genoa in the Palace Balbi.

By Guido Reni.

THIS Picture is of the Character of all the other Pieces of *Guido* that are at *Rome*. His Expreſſions are well ſtudied, and after the Manner of *Timanthes*, the famous *Greek* Painter *, which are made rather for the Mind than the Eye; and which makes us underſtand much more of theſe things than they make us ſee, when one diſcovers more or leſs Beauties in Proportion to ones Underſtanding: Where one only Figure, by the fine and ſublime Thoughts one finds in it, ſurpaſſes very often the moſt abundant Compoſitions, and makes us know how excellent the Art of Painting is, that ſuch Painters had a Genius yet more ſublime and elevated than their Art.

One ſees in the Body of this *Lucretia*, the moſt perfect Roundneſs, without even any Shade, by the half Colourings only, in which *Guido* was moſt excellent; and on her Face, an Air the moſt lively in the World, tho'

* In omnibus ejus Operibus intelligitur plus ſemper quam pingitur; & cum ars ſumma ſit, Ingenium tamen ultra Artem eſt. Pin. l. 35. c. 10.

with

with theſe white and pale Colours of his latter Manner, made uſe of only by him, and by which he has made his Pieces more beautiful, than the greateſt Painters of his Time have done in theirs with the moſt beautiful Colours they could lay on.

Other Painters have made a hundred Grimaces in *Lucretia*, to expreſs the Grief ſhe ſuffers for the Violence offered her by *Tarquin*, and which cauſed that fatal Stroke of the Poniard, and with which ſhe pierces her Breaſt: *Guido*, without any thing of this, found out the Secret to ſhew in her Features only, the ſtrongeſt and moſt beautiful Expreſſion of the moſt lively Grief that ever was ſeen.

Her Eyes appear ſunk in her Head, and her Forehead contracted by Force of her Application to her cruel Reflexions, ſeems to loſe it ſelf entirely; you would ſay that ſhe has neither Eyes nor Forehead, and that being thus disfigured, it is more the Image of Grief than *Lucretia*.

But of what Character is this wonderful Image? It is of a Grief chaſte and holy, which makes the Virtue of her that is ſo deeply affected with, it the more admired. One plainly ſees it is her ſelf which is the Cauſe of it, and which ſhe looks upon as a juſt Puniſh-

ment, the Cruelty of which ſhe exerciſes againſt her ſelf. Her Virtue appears yet more grand by her Misfortunes, her Strength prevails over her Suffering, and her Courage is ſuperior to her Grief, tho' it is extreme, and the greateſt ſhe can ſuffer. All this is expreſſed after a Manner ſo divine, and with ſo much Science, that this only Picture made *Guido* very deſervedly, as he has been ſtiled, the God of Painting, tho' he had never drawn any other but this.

In ſhort, what ſhall I ſay? This incomparable Genius, by Lineaments only peculiar to his divine Pencil, has ſhewn in the Airs of his *Lucretia*, I know not what virtuous Horror of an involuntary Abuſe, and I know not what chaſte Fury againſt a Crime committed on her againſt her Inclination. One does not believe one ſees either Canvas, or Picture, but *Lucretia* her ſelf all alive, and in the Moment ſhe forcibly lets out Life, that ſhe may not ſurvive the Loſs of her Honour; it is ſhe her ſelf that one ſees; 'tis ſhe her ſelf one bewails and admires, blaming her one Moment, and juſtifying her the next: One thinks neither of *Guido* nor Painting, ſo ſtrong and lively is this Expreſſion, ſo much does it ſurpaſs the ordinary Productions of Art, and confounds even Nature it ſelf, which

which cannot diſtinguiſh thoſe of her own Production from thoſe which ſo profound an Artifice can imitate in ſo lively a Manner.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAGE 14. Line 22. for *Colours*, read *Coutours*. p. 38. l. ult. for *commonly*, r. *cannot*. p. 67. r. *Pincers*. p. 70. l. 18. r. *dances*. l. 22 for the *Enjoyment of the Gods*, r. the *Joy of the Goddeſſes*. p. 102. l. 4. for *free*, r. *full*. p. 106. l. 18. for *Colours*, r. *Colsonns*. p. 121. l. 7. r. *This Tomb wonld*. p. 127. l. 11. for *in*, r. *into*. p. 138. l. 11. r. *Facciata*. p. 159. l. ult. for *Fiborets*, r. *Arborets*. p. 170. l. 11. for *to*, r. *into*. p. 187. l. 22. r. *that he therefore*. p. 189. l. 2. after *life*, blot out ; p. 190. l. 10. after *Mirmillon*, r. *all is ſurpriſing*. p. 191. l. 9. after *knew*, r. *how to expreſs*. p. 192. l. 11. r. *make*.